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An Interrupted Honeymoon

By Mason Ray

"IT I don't know you!" she burst forth. "I never saw you before in my life!"

Her dark eyes blazed. Her splendid form, developed by outdoor sports, shrank back from him in horror. Yet there was nothing sinister in the appearance of Palmer Bradlee, who confronted her at the open door. He was big and blond and dignified. His gray-blue eyes were wide and clear and honest, but, at that moment, deep with trouble. Astonished, he stared at the woman he had married, two months before, in their chosen church, amid relatives and friends. Even then they were in Cairo on an extended honeymoon, and Ilah, his beloved bride, stared back at him without a hint of recognition, while her handsome face darkened with terror and repulsion at his intrusion. His distressed mind groped for an explanation of her conduct—and found it.

"Ilah," he told her calmly, "you are suffering from a relapse of the Egyptian fever. It affects the brain. Dear-est, the fever's accountable for this strange illusion. You must sleep. We'll recall Doctor Treswick and he'll prescribe an opiate."

"It's you that's insane!" she retorted. "No one but a maniac would make your absurd claim. Go! Go, before I ring for men to put you out."

She believed him to be unbalanced, a harmless lunatic with illusions. He realized that argument was useless, and he wished to consult the English physician who had already treated his wife for a touch of the dread fever. At that time they had been emphatically warned.

"Keep out of the vertical sun rays," the Doctor had ordered. "It's madness to linger later than the tenth hour."

Added to that he denied them certain articles of food and drink. They were to abjure salads washed in the fever-giving water of the region. He advised bottled spring water and forbade the thick, aromatic coffee of the East. But their healthy appetites craved the salads and coffee and copious draughts of water; and their prolonged tramps thrice kept them out when the native Arabs had prostrated themselves in the nearest shade. They persisted in injudicious acts, altho Ilah knew about the brain-destroying fever.

This was her second visit to the land of deadly sun and unwholesome water. Two years before she had been chaperoned abroad by L. L. Burton and his wife. It had been a delightful experience, so she urged Cairo as a stopping-place on their wedding tour. Moreover, she had sentimentally selected the same hotel, and even her former room. Two weeks had passed, and that forenoon they had tramped miles sight-seeing, had drunk from public cisterns, had tarried till the luncheon hour, and now had come this ghastly trouble.

Down in the hotel office Bradlee, by 'phone, summoned Doctor Treswick. The lean, swarthy physician almost immediately appeared, and the two talked in the deserted lobby.

"I warned you," grunted the Doctor. "You've disregarded. Now your wife's irrational. You see it's not the physical body but the mind that's attacked. We'll hope it's partial—a touch of aphasia."

He suddenly ceased speaking and intently listened to a contralto voice in the next room that obviously addressed the day clerk. It was Mrs. Bradlee asking something she wished to know. As question and answer succeeded the physician's face became grave and the husband blanched with horror.

"Mr. and Mrs. Burton went shopping directly after lunch," she began. "To an Arab," she added, "who offered a silk rug my friend coveted. It was far down one of those narrow streets. When may I expect them back?"

Bradlee gasped. "Hear that?" he breathed, "She thinks she's with the Burtons!" But the physician motioned silence, while the polite clerk hazarded a guess regarding time consumed by shoppers, and asked where her friends put up.

"They stop here," said the girl, and her tone denoted surprise at his ignorance. "They have Room 33, across the hall from me."

"Impossible!" said the clerk. They heard him push forward a heavy object—the hotel register. "There are the Sep-

tember arrivals," said he, "but there are no Burtons with us."

"I don't understand," Mrs. Bradlee faltered. Instantly the physician entered the office and stepped to her side.

"Show the lady your list for 1913," commanded the Doctor.

The puzzled clerk hesitated, but a look from the physician sent him burrowing under the desked lid in search of a closure. From a pile of old hotel books he unearthed the one desired, and opened it at the eleventh month. For a moment Ilah Bradlee bent above it her dark, graceful head and eagerly scanned the open page.

"There they are—L. L. Burton and wife," she triumphed. "You gave me the wrong book. Kindly tell my husband when she comes that I wish to see her at once."

She turned away with a nod of thanks to the man who aided her about the registers, and was face to face with Palmer Bradlee. Calm, flaming red was in her cheeks. She stood rigid with anger.

"That man pursues me," she accused. "He is mad. He has followed me from port now and claims to be"—the words choked her and hot blood dyed face and throat—"claims to be my husband. Tell him to it that I'm not annoyed," she told the clerk.

Her frightened glance rested a moment on the one she had not seen than two years ago and had recently married. He could see his costly engagement ring gleaming on the white hand on her left hand. But he dared not address her during her present mood. Instead, the English clerk turned and bowed toward the elevator and made a bold effort to block her advance.

"Bradlee," he said, "I am Doctor Treswick. Ten days ago I treated you for incipient fever. You remember? You had an opiate and slept. It restored you. Let me prescribe again."

"You, too?" she cried, dismay, "I am beset by scoundrels. Anything you'd give would steal my wits instead of restoring them. Be duped. Stand aside and let me pass."

She swept by him into the lift and was shot upward toward the floor where her she left an amazed day clerk and two men she believed to be her enemies, the physician and her husband.

"You see," Bradlee told the physician, "she imagines the Burtons are with her. She visited Cairo on the steamer exactly two years ago this very month. And the memory of those two years is wiped out, including myself. My God, Doctor, what shall I do?"

White and wretched, he turned to the only one in Cairo he could trust. By some means his wife must be made to leave Egypt at once and in his company. Their passports made the journey feasible. And Europe's war cloud was spreading at an alarming rate. Instead of travelling before it across Europe, he and his child Ilah intended, he must hurry her back home by the shorter route. All this was done over with Doctor Treswick in a private conference, and the two outlined a plan.

It was imperative that Mrs. Bradlee receive a sleeping powder and rest many hours. He would arrange with the hotel people that she was given no food. Sleep might restore her memory, since only part of her brain was affected. If she did not sleep the drug would do its part; and the worst meant permanent insanity. The old Doctor cited a dozen cases of fever victims who suffered about the city, ignorant of their names, lost to relatives. Others were in asylums. Bradlee was unnerved at the thought.

That evening Ilah Bradlee rang for food to be served in her room. She was hungry, ravenously hungry, despite the nonarrival of her expected chaperon and anxiety regarding the Burtons. A tray came loaded with a full repast. If she had drunk the delicious after-dinner coffee she might have slept well. But, obeying an impulse, she threw it and the dregs of a sedative into the finger bowl. After that she called for iced water, and this, tasting of the second attempt to drug her, she cast into the ewer. Afterward she paced her floor in a mood of suspense; and in the next apartment Bradlee, knowing that the opiate had failed, anxiously conferred by phone with Treswick.

"Son wind may clear her brain," encouraged the Doctor. "Don't worry. We'll get her off on the morning boat. It's all arranged."

Because of this arrangement, Manager Worden of the English hotel acted a part. He addressed Ilah by her maiden name of Deane and gave her a fictitious message.

"Your friends, the Burtons, were called away by some one's illness," he told her. "Some American residing in Bombay, I think. They caught a boat at Suez. Their haste was great. I myself happened down there for supplies, and they sent you word to proceed home without them—and this," said he, placing a roll of bills on the table by her plate.

"Surely they might have phoned or written," declared Ilah.

She felt suddenly helpless. It was not like the Burtons. It seemed part of a plot which included the blond madman, the physician and Manager Worden. Only there was the money, a great deal of money. She asked about the boats and found she could take passage on an Italian boat to Naples, where New York passengers transferred to an American liner. It was made clear to her that she had barely time to catch the train to Alexandria and that the steamer's departure coincided with the hour she reached this port. A wave of anger at the deserting Burtons lent her strength.

She began preparations for leaving Cairo, but a solicitous maid was at her command, a maid who had removed Bradlee's scattered belongings to a smaller trunk. When she entered the railway coach that bore her northward Bradlee followed. His seat was distant, but he kept her in sight. At the steamer landing he looked after her baggage, and, had she known it, the passport of Palmer Bradlee and wife eased her way from a place suddenly alert because of impending war. But close he watched over the purchase of her ticket she forced herself to speak.

"You presume," she said coldly. "How dare you?" Her tone was dull and her senses blunted. The bromide served in her cocoa that morning was getting in its work. She barely reached her stateroom on the throbbing steamer when profound sleep claimed her.

The long sleep rested but did not cure. Her unhappy husband was aware that the next preceding years were still a blank. Her dislike for the big, blond man who currently attended to her comfort stung unnoticed. Frequently he intercepted her angry glance as she strolled with him upon the promenade. Why had he kept at heel? What could be his motive? Once she rose from her steamer chair and, with determination in the deck heaved, her feet were unsteady. She would have fallen had not Bradlee caught her by the arm. Aid at the contact he forgot his rote.

"Ilah, my darling!" he breathed. "My poor girl!"

It was an error of judgment. She tore herself free, and, clinging to the ship's rail, faced him with white lips.

"You've schemed to trap a defenseless girl," she blazed. "I've heard of such. My God, what a hybridism! The hotel scoundrels were in your employ. What you've done with the Burtons I dare not guess. But I warn you, I have regarded him a moment in unutterable fury, then spoke words that lashed him to scheming brain. "I am not a white slaver!" she charged and was silent.

Ashen with horror, Bradlee stepped forward and seized her arm.

"Look at me. Do I appear capable of what you suggest?" he sternly demanded. "Even so, do you think I'd buy up people and futher risk? Am I a fool-handed you in order to trap a victim?"

Her stormy eyes swept his high-bred face and her diseased mind acquitted him.

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "But I hate you. We are a republic. Cease your interference in my affairs."

She managed to reach the nearest vestibule and, without a backward look, distressed husband to consider the future. It was fraught with difficulties. His years of law practice in Cairo, his courts and his large clientage in his adopted city of Detroit went for nothing in this crisis. Ilah, in her present home-city he must guard her, whether she approved or not. And only months awaited. The mother she expected to see and turn to for sympathy had been dead over a year, and the stepmother she loathed presided over the beloved home. Other changes had taken place during Ilah's absence. Her only sister, Judah, her younger sister, had married, while Marjory, the elder, had welcomed her first child. Ilah's homecoming would prove to her that time had indeed slipped away. Would the shock restore memory?

Bradlee and his bride boarded the American steamer without exchanging a word. But when a group of humanity, when she perceived he was to accompany her further, lacked nothing in eloquence. Afterward she avoided him. He merely caught glimpses of her as she came and went to meals. Then came New York harbor and with it Bradlee's home-co

COLONEL WADE'S DAUGHTER

-:- Or, -:-

The Stolen Birthright

By Marquis James

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CHAPTER V.

BY THE time the train rolled under the great shed of the Union Station at New Orleans Sturgis had outlined to Patrice his proposed procedure and she had approved it. The detective had taken formal charge of the case. The United States mails had been used in furtherance of a criminal conspiracy, Federal statutes had been infracted, and therefore the task of apprehending the parties to the cabal and obtaining evidence to convict them came conveniently within the pale of Sturgis' professional activities.

Patrice was to proceed at once to Sturgis' home, where she was to be the guest of the detective's mother while he prosecuted his search for the imperiled master of Wade Hall. After Patrice had been left safely with Mrs. Sturgis, Camden would hasten to the Monteleone Hotel, for he was eager for the interview with Thibidoux.

Further action, he told Patrice, hinged upon the developments of that meeting. Impulsive Patrice was for the immediate arrest of Henri, on the evidence contained in the letter she held.

"That would not be best," counseled Sturgis. "In matters of this kind we must bide our time. I am sure I can get Thibidoux any time I wish to lay my hands on him. We shall let him play our little game a while. There are others to this conspiracy. We must get them, and before that we must have the evidence. But never fear, give them enough rope and they will hang themselves."

Patrice was swayed by these profound conclusions.

"Here," she said. "You take this letter. It's our only evidence, as you say, and therefore is priceless. I do not want to be responsible for it. My father's life is at stake."

"No, you keep it, Miss Wade," replied Sturgis. "Mother will take care of it when we reach home. I don't want it with me when I go to meet Thibidoux. In this business we take no chances."

A porter gathered up their traveling bags and Sturgis led the way out of the car and assisted Patrice down the steps at the Union Station. The luggage was turned over to a zealous negro youth, conspicuous in a red cap, whom Sturgis directed to pilot him to a taxi. They passed thru the bustling waiting-room in the wake of the red cap, and drew up before a chugging autocab at the curb. The station runner passed the baggage up to the chauffeur, tipped his cap with a grinning: "Thank you, suh," as Sturgis palmed him a dime, and then vanished.

Camden helped Patrice into the cab, and was about to step in himself when some one touched his arm.

"Mr. Sturgis?"

"Yes," replied the detective.

"I will detain you only a moment," said the stranger, drawing the secret service man a few paces aside.

The stranger, who introduced himself by some name Sturgis did not catch or endeavor to do so, asked a trifling question or so of a case Sturgis recently had figured in and which had been covered with considerable newspaper attention. Sturgis set it down as an incident of mere curiosity, a stranger's interest in the lives of detectives, and shouldered back thru the crowd to the taxicab he had engaged.

He spoke his address to the driver and with a request for speed, threw open the door. The taxicab was a new Sturgis felt into its farthest dark recesses. Patrice was not there.

"Where is the young lady who was in this cab?" he demanded of the driver. "Where did she go?"

"Where is she?" repeated the chauffeur in amazement. "Ain't she inside there?"

"She is not."

"The devil she ain't! Say, are you trying to kid me?"

Sturgis' rather vitriolic reply purged the chauffeur's mind of any doubt it might have entertained as to his patron's seriousness. But still unable to believe that the girl could have left the machine, the driver quit his seat and peered into the car itself. He was mystified.

"Can't explain it, sir," he vowed, after Sturgis had identified himself by subduing his star. "Strangest thing that ever happened."

"Did any one approach this machine during my brief absence?"

"Not a soul. I am positive of that."

"Did any other car drive up close alongside?"

"No—well, now—yes, there did," confessed the chauffeur, contradicting himself by stages. "A machine did come up alongside, as you say, and stalled for a moment. Engine trouble, I reckon. In fact, they sideswiped me, and I cussed the driver out for knocking the paint off my new buggy. I own this car, sir, and just had her done over."

"Ah, now we are getting down to cases," remarked Sturgis, eying the driver keenly. "Sideswiped you, knocked the paint off your newly painted car, you cussed out the driver for his carelessness? Is that right?"

"That's correct, sir."

"Rather unusual occurrence, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how do you reconcile your statements?" Sturgis shot the question at the taxi driver like the crack of a whip. "First you say not a soul approached those that remained were subjected to rigorous cross-examinations. Sturgis did not get all the information he sought, but he got part of it. No one, apparently, had witnessed the abduction, but a station boy testified to carrying luggage for two men who hurriedly had chartered a cab, which the boy later noticed in difficulties with another vehicle at the curb.

His description of one of the men tallied almost exactly with that of Henri Thibidoux. The other, according to the negro, was a "l'l beady-eyed gunnelmun."

In the "l'l beady-eyed gunnelmun"

He battered blindly.

this machine. Then, on second thought, you recall this unusual happening. Which statement am I to believe?"

The poor chauffeur's countenance was the picture of misery.

"Everything I said is true," he stammered, "pon my word of honor, sir. When you asked me if anybody came near the car I couldn't really believe the young lady was gone. And as to the sideswiping, I never thought——"

The helpless man gulped. Prison doors yawned before him.

"I never thought," he gasped, "that that could have been a trick to kidnap her!"

"What kind of a car was it, and which way did it go?" questioned Sturgis, taking a new tack.

"Why, just one of the regular cars on the stand here," replied the chauffeur, gathering courage born of hope. "I didn't note which one, I'm sorry to say, and can't swear as to who was driving, either. You see, they were gone in a minute. Shot down Rampart street like greased lightning."

"Come with me," ordered Sturgis, sharply. "We must find out what car that was, its number and the description of the men who hired it. Let's talk to some of the drivers here."

"Gladly, sir," said the chauffeur, his fears of arrest assuaged.

The unfortunate man began to mumble apologies which Sturgis did not stop to heed, for he began his investigation at once. Most of the machines about the depot stand had accumulated fares, however, and whirled away. The drivers of Sturgis evinced great interest. The red cab's information, however, was meager.

All trails the detective picked up at the station led speedily to blind ends. No hope from that source. This is not saying the secret service man had reached the end of his resources. Sturgis had won marked recognition for his ability to think on his feet, to reason and act his way quickly out of puzzling dilemmas. He glanced at his watch. It was seven-fifty-five.

"The Monteleone Hotel," he said to the taxi driver who had accompanied him on his researches, "and get there in five minutes—at any cost!"

Sturgis stepped into the car from which Patrice had been kidnaped, and was hurled back into the seat as the driver threw the clutch wide open and the car sprang forward like a thing alive.

Sturgis sniffed the air inside the car.

"Chloroform!" he exclaimed. "And a mighty good job of it!"

The taxicab bounded over the uneven pavements until it reached St. Charles avenue. It skimmed down that aristocratic thorofare, dashed across broad Canal street, sending pedestrians scurrying, and shunted into narrow, quaint Royal street—which is the name St. Charles assumes after it crosses the Canal street frontier into the vieux carre, as the French quarter is called in New Orleans.

Abruptly the taxi drew up, and Sturgis was on the sidewalk in front of the white-tiled Monteleone an instant later.

"Wait for me here," he shouted to the driver, and vanished up the broad steps of the hostelry.

Sturgis stepped into a waiting elevator and ascended to the mezzanine, the second floor, which had been named as the place he was to meet Thibidoux. It was just eight o'clock, the stated hour, but Henri was not there. The detective dropped into a chair, deciding to wait a few minutes. He had known desperate criminals to do more audacious things than to keep appointments with detectives on their trails, Sturgis had a premonition that Thibidoux would show up. Like most detectives, he trusted even blindly at times, such a "hunch." Nor until he had waited thirty minutes did he abandon hope.

Thibidoux, however, had no intention of keeping his appointment. He utilized for his own purposes the precious moments Sturgis had lost in waiting.

At eight-thirty Sturgis stepped down into the lobby.

"Is Henri Thibidoux known here?" he inquired of the clerk.

"Thibidoux, the gambler?"

Sturgis nodded.

"Yes, but this is a poor place to find him. You see, we have a judgment against him for unpaid house account."

"Where would I be most likely to find him?"

"Well," calculated the clerk, "his habits of late are not so regular as they have been. He is working some game up in the parishes, I understand, and isn't in New Orleans once a week. A good place to find him when he is here, tho, is at Rigolet's, along about midnight or after," volunteered the hotel attache, naming a notorious gambling house in Iberville street. Sturgis had heard of the place, but he never had been there.

"Thanks," he told the man behind the counter. "I'll drop around and take a look."

He strolled out of the lobby, dismissed the chauffeur, taking charge of the grips—his own and the one which belonged to Patrice. He telephoned his mother not to expect him home that night, and strolled down Canal street toward the Federal buildings where he intended taking the liberty of going thru Patrice's effects. No telling what evil might yield a clew when clews are badly needed. The letter Patrice had found was secure in the hands of Thibidoux. Fortunately, however, Sturgis recalled it almost verbatim.

Inside his office, he set the suitcases down and picked up a city directory. He ran his finger down a page of B's until it paused under his name:

"Binot, Prosper, M. D., res. Monteleone Hotel."

Without waiting to examine the contents of Patrice's suitcase, Sturgis left the office and retraced his steps toward the Monteleone Hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

I AM inquiring for Doctor Binot, this time," said Sturgis, smiling recognition to the clerk at the Monteleone. "I understand he lives here."

"You have found your man this time, or at least found where he lives," qualified the clerk.

"Then Dr. Prosper Binot resides at the Monteleone?"

"Lived here for several years," assured the clerk, "and until lately was our house physician, but will have the switchboard inquire if he is in his suite. Who shall I say wishes to see him?"

"Prof. Charles J. Scanlon, of Chicago," supplied Sturgis, producing a card to substantiate the alias. He never was unprepared in the matter of fictitious identities.

The clerk stepped to the telephone operator and returned in a moment with the word that Doctor Binot was not in his rooms, but was expected to return any time.

"Will you have a seat and wait for him, Professor?" invited the clerk.

"Thanks," responded Sturgis, "I have been on the train all day, and really it is more comfortable to stand. I am not keeping you from your duties?"

"Not at all," assured the congenial hotel man. "My job just now is about this time of year. Hardly any travel at all coming our way, and all the town folks who can afford it spend July and August down on the Gulf coast. But in the fall business will pick up with the annual rush of society functions. Mardi Gras!" the clerk went on pompously. "Say, on Carnival week we get ten dollars a night for any kind of a room, and they're all engaged weeks in advance. Ever seen a Carnival?"

"It has never been my privilege."

"Professor, you certainly have missed something! Nothing like it in the country. Oughta come down next year."

"I should like to very much indeed," assured the bogus scholar. "But your gayeties are in February or March, I believe; just when I am the busiest with my classes."

"Too bad," consoled the clerk, "By the way, Professor, what particular line of, or, learning do you han—I mean follow?"

"At present," returned the "Professor," profoundly, "I am prosecuting an exhaustive scientific inquiry into the more malignant types of febrile diseases peculiar to torrid, tropical and subtropical

climates. The subject, as I am aware, is colossal in its scope, the labyrinthine ramifications of the varied ailments ingenious to these climes being so extensive as almost to defy scientific collocation. My life, however, is dedicated to the task. I shall begin with a study of yellow fever, known among scholars by the Latin term, modus operandi, Doctor Binot. I have been warned, has been particularly successful in his work against that plague, hitherto common in your city—"

"Oh, yes, if it's the fevers you want to know about, see the Doctor. He's been there two months or more," informed the bewildered clerk, at last able to edge in a word.

"You know Doctor Binot?"

"Sure! We're great friends."

Hotel clerks comprise an approachable brotherhood generally, but a Southern hotel clerk is a lifelong and confiding friend fifteen minutes after you have met him. For Sturgis, a native Orleanian, according to the clerk's glib narrative, but had lived most of his years abroad—in Paris and in Central America—and consequently was not so well known in the city of his birth. There were stories of dark charges in his life, of his connection with conspiracies and revolutions in the tropics; but these, of course, were the merest of rumors. Everybody knows how such evil stories spread. Sturgis was counseled not to put too much stock in them, for so far as was known about the Monteleone the Doctor was an eminent practitioner and a gentleman.

His might have gambled a bit now and then, it's true, but he paid his losses, so what more could he be expected? Might take just one or two glasses of wine too many now and then, but what gentleman doesn't at times? Sometimes he would take a drink or leave it alone. Yes, sir, Doctor Binot was a gentleman—not only a gentleman, but a Southern Orleanian, gentleman, a gentleman drunk or sober.

Why did the good Doctor leave the service of the Mexican government? Private matters had rendered it impossible for Doctor Binot to retain the post. The Doctor, since his arrival, had said, had been called out of the city frequently. He was administering to some wealthy planter on his estate, he gathered according to the hotel employe's best information. Wade? Wade? Colonel Singleton Wade? Then might the patient's name and again it might not. He never had heard the Doctor state. Doctor Binot had his private affairs and he kept them private.

Sturgis led the garrulous but affable clerk on by adroit questions.

Doctor Binot was a man of few associates. He kept to himself. Spent entire days in his quarters reading, or experimenting in his laboratory. Was he friendly with Henri Thibidoux? Thibidoux, the gambler? Surely the Professor was jesting! Of course Doctor Binot might have met Thibidoux, a chance acquaintance over the green cloth, possibly, but that would be all.

In the midst of the clerk's expostulations, prompted by Sturgis' shrewd interrogatory, the detective wheeled suddenly and turned away.

"You must excuse me a moment," he called over his shoulder. "I think I want to see just entered the bar, there."

With quick strides Sturgis gained the lobby entrance to the hotel bar. He paused there and swept the room with swift, searching glances. The man who had just entered had disappeared, evidently thru a door which led into Bienville street. Much as Sturgis desired to see this man, he decided it would not be best to attempt to follow him in the expense of missing an interview with Binot.

The person who so aroused the detective's interest was the mysterious stranger who had called him aside at the Union Station a few hours before and delayed him by trivial questions while the kidnaping of Patrice had been achieved.

Sturgis returned to the registry desk in the lobby.

"You just missed Doctor Binot," greeted the clerk. "He came in, looked you were in the bar and went straight to his rooms."

"Good," remarked Sturgis. "Sorry I missed him, tho. Went directly to his apartments, did you say? Let me speak to him on the telephone, will you please?"

The connection was made and Sturgis repaired to one of the telephone booths. There "Professor Scanlon" repeated the story of yellow fever, remarked in a more plausible manner than he had told it to the clerk, to be sure, and requested an interview. Binot, unsuspecting, invited Sturgis to his apartments.

Sturgis took the elevator to the third floor, and, following the directions of the lift conductor, walked to the end of the hall. There he spied a door, designated by a small brass plate, as the entrance to the suite of Dr. Prosper Binot. Sturgis rapped.

CHAPTER VII

THE door opened. A dapper little man, with a brisk step and a busy professional air, accentuated perhaps by the gold-rimmed reading spectacles he wore, greeted the detective effusively.

"Ah, Professor Scanlon," beamed the Doctor, extending his small, white hand, "to make your acquaintance indeed in a rare pleasure! That such a great institution as the Pasteur Institute should have taken cognizance of my feeble efforts in combating the plague down here is an honor, allow me to assure you; it is an honor that exceeds my just deserts!"

Doctor Binot's deep-set, dark little eyes danced and glowed behind the lenses of his glasses like tiny coals.

The door opened into a miniature hallway, almost square, which communicated with the reception-room of the suite. It was illuminated by one little electric bulb, which diffused a soft, indistinct glow thru an amber shade.

"Permit me to relieve you of your hat and stick," ingratiated Binot, "and we shall step in there, which in my crowded state serves the dual purpose of study and lounging-room."

With a graceful turn of the hand the Doctor waved Sturgis into a room more effectively illuminated.

"Won't you be seated?"

Binot indicated a mammoth golden oak chair upholstered in Spanish leather.

"Cigarettes on the tabouret," he said.

Sturgis bowed his thanks, crossed the room and seated himself in the chair.

"And now," resumed Binot, "since you are pressed for time, I will entertain you with no preamble to the story you have asked me—"

Doctor Binot's words stopped mid-sentence. His face dropped, and the pupils of his animated little eyes appeared to expand with wonderment as a cat's do in the dark. His countenance was the mirror of his mind's astonishment, as it obtained his first full glance at Sturgis' face with the light fair upon it.

This all occurred in the briefest second, after which the little Doctor speedily regained control of himself. His face became a mask, expressionless save for courtesy quicker than it takes to tell it. The black eyes might have blinked once or twice, but Sturgis was not sure. He went on in the nimble brain behind them.

"Ah, monsieur! My good Professor! Excuse me, I mean Scanlon! Mille pardons, je vous en prie! The little man's profuse apology trailed off into a mumble that Sturgis did not catch. "Just a momentary seizure of vertigo," he resumed, upon recovering himself. "It was the overwork; two major operations in a day is sometimes taxed my strength. One moment; a glass of water—that is all I require."

The little man stepped quickly into a room adjoining, closing the door behind him. Sturgis's watchful, thought he heard a bolt shot into place, but was not sure. He listened intently. He heard another door unlatched and closed in a room beyond the portal then which Doctor Binot vanished. Then came, ever so faintly, the sound of rapid feet, and a rapid voice —the Doctor's!

Sturgis was crouching beside the door, his ear to the panel. Another voice! A feeble voice! Certainly Doctor Binot with the indistinct, swift speech of the Doctor. The sound of chairs moved about and the Doctor's voice ceased. Then the confusion on the other side of the door that separated Sturgis and Doctor Binot. Then the voice of Patrice Conn. Sturgis tried the door. Locked, as he expected.

"Open!" he demanded, rapping stoutly. "Binot, open the door!"

Judging from muffled sounds, Sturgis' words had redoubled activity beyond the door.

"Open this door or I fire thru it!" the detective shouted.

No response came within.

Sturgis did not fire—for several reasons. Catching up a bronze statue of Harvey Scanlon, he stepped to a bookcase within arm's reach, the detective felt one sound blow, rent the thin panel of the door. Thru the aperture thus created, he released the bolt, opened the door, and with pistol ready stepped inside.

A pungent odor smote the detective's nostrils, causing him to recoil a step. It had been an empty vial containing Bayer's for a glass-faced and glass-shelved cabinet of drugs, instruments and other surgical contraptions, it was now shattered. The mischief was being done in the room beyond. Whatever the mischief, Sturgis no longer had to rely on surmise. He could hear quite plainly now the shrill, weak cries of the man with Patrice Conn obviously was engaged in struggle.

These impressions were instantaneous, for no human could long remain conscious in the ether-enveloped room in which Sturgis had won his way. Binot, passing thru, had thrown back the shutters of this anesthetic about the room to the fullest. This, too, Sturgis realized. Yet he reckoned he would have to risk it. Armed with the bronze bust, he advanced thru the fumes and duplicated his assault upon the second door.

Half-asphyxiated, he battered blindly, but his blows lacked power. The other demanded its toll and took it. A thousand imaginary noises rang in his ears, his head swam. In a very few minutes, he swooned and crumpled helplessly to the floor. One of Sturgis' arms could have been amputated and he would not have known it. Doctor Binot was eminently successful in his ruse, even after such a close call. He escaped in good time by a private stairway, bearing the weak but struggling Colonel Wade in his arms.

Sturgis had struck deeper to the core of affairs than he presumed when he invaded the apartments of Dr. Prosper Binot, confederate of the Thibidoux. A secret room in Doctor Binot's quarters in the exclusive Monteleone Hotel was the heart of New Orleans, was the "sanitarium" in which the Colonel was being scientifically murdered. A section of this unusual place for such a startling crime was the work of the cunning intellect of Binot. The boldness of the plan rendered it almost above suspicion.

The excitable Binot, however, had taken too much for granted when he recognized in his caller the secret service man who had shielded Patrice on the train. Thibidoux, with a colder head, even if a slower brain, would not have made the mistake.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN Sturgis resumed his conscious contact with the world's affairs, he was on a hospital cot. A uniformed nurse and a Sister in immaculate white linens bent over him. Seeing the patient open his eyes, the physician turned briefly beckoned to a second man who was in the room.

"Come, he is out of it now," said the Doctor.

The one thus signaled approached the bed.

"Tell me, young man," said he, "what is this mix-up you walked into?"

Sturgis turned his eyes and recognized Crown, his chief, the head of the New Orleans branch of the investigation of the Department of Justice.

"—a case for you, chief," returned Sturgis, feebly. "I'll confess it has me a bit treed."

"Let's lose no time. Out with the details," urged Crown. "That is, with the Doctor's permission."

"He can talk all he wants to," said the man in charge, "if he keeps the fresh air moving about in his lungs, but he cannot leave the hospital for twenty-four hours. He was a mighty close call he had. The pulmotor is all that saved him."

Whereupon Crown seated himself beside the cot of his operative, but where he could entice from Sturgis' lips a record of the events which led up to his asphyxiation. Doctor Binot, however, the detective demanded to know what was intervened during his involuntary exile from consciousness. "This is particular to some persons who have been under the influence of an anesthetic. Crown related briefly how hotel employes had found Sturgis, and not knowing what to make of the situation in Doctor Binot's apartments, called the police.

Sturgis was taken to the hospital, technically under arrest, where his badge and credentials at once identified him as an agent of the government. Crown was notified at his home, and he, too, hurried to the hospital, where, after five hours, Sturgis revived.

The lost interim thus being accounted for, Sturgis proceeded to relate in detail all that transpired in the "Wade case," as it was to be known in the Government files. He told of the meeting with Patrice on the train, the encounter with Thibidoux, the girl's appeal for protection at the station, the visit to the Monteleone and what followed.

"Good," remarked Crown, commenting upon the logical and explicit manner in which Sturgis had pursued his account. "The thing for us to do now is to run down to Riplett's to watch out for Thibidoux, and put a couple good trailers on a hunt for Binot. I'll have Harvey Wade plantation up at Acadia watched; I'll give you that job. With these sources covered, it won't be long before we'll establish some sort of connection with the place where the old man and the girl are concealed. We'll have to work to get the men out on the job right away, table work in running to mention your apartment. Well, good luck, my boy. Let me know from time to time as the Doctor I am going to give you every chance in the world to distinguish yourself."

The veteran detective clasped hands with his junior and passed rapidly out of the room.

"Your notable work," "Mention in my next report to the department!" "Best chance in the world to distinguish yourself!"

These commendatory phrases filled the mind of the young detective. Prom Crown, a gruff critic of the old school, these encomiums were a mighty close to censure but slow to praise, they were commendation indeed. Only the week past, Sturgis had experienced a rather uncomfortable interview with his chief, who implored curtly if Sturgis were "losing his grip."

He referred to the young investigator's failure to round up a gang of counterfeiters on the most fragmentary bit of circumstantial evidence. Sturgis had been disposed to sulk. He thought the criticism unjust, and wondered why the department should keep such a crusty old curmudgeon at the head of a bureau when he should have been retired on a pension long ago.

Camden Sturgis, gentleman detective, had not entered the service with the intention of making sleuthing his life work. He had gone in immediately after his graduation in law at Princeton, where he had achieved local fame by unraveling several campus mysteries. In fact, his boyhood chums had hailed him lightly as the Sherlock Holmes of the coming generation. The consequence was that he had entered the secret service. With a fortune of his own, he deemed it would be quite a lark and something to tell about in class reunions and in later life—to say that in his younger days he had been a secret service man and had worked on this or that big case.

He had intended to remain with the service only until he had achieved the one Great Adventure, which popularly is supposed to set off every worth-while life. The Great Adventure—hard and shy of details—therefore was his goal. He intended to attain it in a most unprecedented manner, and not by the usual pursuits in a sort of blaze of glory, as he had it figured out.

The Great Adventure, however, had eluded him. His thirst for this crowning experience remained unslaked as he plodded thru the desert of the commonplace.

Camden's bent for the story-book conception of detection had long fancied it a life of perpetual romance, risk and adventure. His ideals had been sadly shattered. Crown set him down for the meanest of routine tasks, work that would not tax the ingenuity of a uniformed policeman. Sturgis fretted and chafed, and regretted his venture a thousand times, but, unwilling to concede defeat, determined to stick it out for a year, at least. His chance would come some day, he knew.

He deemed this thought prophetic when, one morning, Crown assigned him to the Southern Railway Station at the depot for a certain man wanted in a diamond-smuggling conspiracy. Sturgis, considering the assignment a waste of the station, a modern D'Artagnan on the queen's errand, albeit Crown in the role of Anne of Austria makes the metaphor ridiculous.

But that is mere detail and well may be disregarded in the view of the larger interests of the moment.

Keenly alert, Sturgis waited and watched all day at the station. Not a single individual corresponding with the description furnished him at headquarters came to the terminus train or station, he was back at the station. The hours passed slowly. The same trains arrived and debouching the same throng of travel-worn humanity, yet no diamond smuggler.

On the third day a great fear gnawed at Sturgis' heart. Had the suspect, in disguise, possibly, slipped past him?

On the fourth day, even this distraction, pleasant as it was, failed to vary the monotony of the long, cheerless vigil. The hands of the great clock in the waiting-room seemed to move at decade passed before they proclaimed noon. A hurried look at the lunch counter and the day shift was relieved. The next train was due at one-ten.

Listlessly Sturgis leaned against a pillar and watched the throng. Without interest he resumed his mechanical scrutiny of the faces among the throng that filed from the one-ten train shed.

Suddenly his spine starched. His features became tense; his eyes narrowed. Sturgis' quarry! Fame at last! He had spotted his man.

Carrying a heavy suitcase, the smuggler seemed to stagger under the weight. Sturgis stepped closely behind him. The trailed him entered the depot restaurant. Sturgis noted the number of the door until the stranger's order had been placed before him, and then he slipped to a telephone booth and called Crown.

"All right," came the crisp voice of the chief over the wire. "Just keep your eye on him and Robert gets down. Then come into the office."

Sturgis waited. Red with anger, he resumed his sullen espionage of the restaurant-room. Another four days' waiting he had landed his man only to have the case taken out of his hands and given to another man who would make the arrest and grab all the glory. No, by God! Sturgis had resolved to see the thing thru the wasted man, the young man became aware that his quarry, cowering, was watching him. Sturgis' face flushed as he indulged himself in several sly glances. Sturgis deliberately turned his back and made to re-muster away.

Instantly the smuggler left his chair, and seizing his suitcase, burst the screen with a blow of its frame and began a rapid exit from the window by which he had been sitting. Sturgis wheeled, bolted across the dining-room floor, and before the fugitive could accomplish his escape had seized him firmly by the collar and dragged him back into the room. The smuggler whipped out a pistol. The diners fled in panic. After a short struggle Sturgis disarmed his adversary, and by the time Roberts arrived had him subdued and securely handcuffed.

The prisoner and his suitcase were transported to headquarters. The smuggling gems were in the big bag, and the smuggler made a complete confession.

That marked Sturgis' graduation from

(Continued on Page 8.)

His Pirate Crew

Or, Law in the Cabin

By Victor Ardmore

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CHAPTER VII.

THE sound of the big gun and the splash of the falling shot brought alarm to many on the Lively Lucy's deck, and Eveline and Agatha cried out nervously, but Mate Wilkinson, glancing at Captain Salter, saw that sea veteran smile grimly.

"Fine!" the skipper commented.

"Do you think so, sir?" Wilkinson asked.

"I certainly do. Perhaps you don't read the signs?"

"I fear I don't understand you."

"We have noticed that the wind has gone variable."

"Yes, sir."

"There you get it. Conditions are no longer steady, but slants of wind drive along eccentrically, and are likely to continue. Well, with such a breath abroad what are we to do?"

"Jockey the ship, sir."

"Just so. Study the breezes, shift our helm now and then, take advantage of every slant. We have already done something of that sort, and our pursuer reads the lesson. Little Nero has the reputation of being able to make the most of wayward winds, but there is just a chance, as he must realize, that we can outwit and, hence, outfoot him. That's why he sent that shot. If he can wing us before we draw away, so much the better for him. That last shot was intended to hit us."

"He has our range."

"Yes, and the next shot may hit, but we will proceed to play our cards and let him play his."

Salter had been speaking with keen interest, and was plainly looking forward to the test of skill at maneuvering with great satisfaction, but he now dropped all thought of his second mate and delved deeper into the problem. Several light clouds overhung the sky. These he studied closely, and then noted the run of the sea on all hands. Smiling faintly, he ordered the wheel shifted a little, and the ship left her straightaway course.

"I don't like that," Marx exclaimed to his fellow passengers.

"Why not?"

"We lose distance by doing it. That will bring the chaser closer."

"But," argued Eveline, "won't it be to our gain in the long run? I understand that the Captain is trying to get advantage out of the crisscross currents of wind."

"His idea, as he has explained to Wilkinson, is to use the fluky currents, but each shift of the helm is so much lost distance, I say. Still, he knows his business."

Salter did know his business, and from that time it was a game of wits between him and Little Nero. He studied clouds and water constantly, and shifted their course slightly from time to time, getting all that was possible out of the erratic air. The pirate was doing the same, but it was not long before the expert sailor knew that the advantage was with them.

It was shown that the Lively Lucy was the quicker to answer her helm, whereby she had the jump on the Clear the Way, and as she took each drive of air in her sails maneuvered to keep to draw away from the pursuer noticeably.

Her people were not the only ones who realized this, and the bow-chaser of the pirate became exceedingly busy. Shot after shot was discharged with deadly intent, and the missiles plunged on all sides of the chase.

"Too far distance for successful shooting," said Lake. "The fellow may as well give it up. He has lost the game."

"Any one of those shots might have hit us," Agatha reminded.

"Yes, but it won't."

"I shall be glad when we get out of range," admitted Eveline.

"Don't worry. We are not destined to be hit—"

A cannon ball flew high, passed thru the rigging and cut away a light spar. It was nothing but what could be repaired in a few minutes, and did not check the flying ship, but other consequences followed quickly. The severed spar rattled down to the deck, and in its fall it struck a man and left him prostrate. The victim was Asa Striker.

Marx had some knowledge of surgery, and he was by the fallen man almost at once. Salter was but little behind him, and they looked for the hurt.

"A nasty wound," the Captain commented indifferently. "Hit in the head. Scalp laid open, and probably the skull cracked. Unconscious! Here, men, carry him to the forecastle and drop him into his hammock. We can't stop to bother with him."

Eveline, having come near, held up her hand in protest.

"Sir," she said, "you are captain here, and I know your word is law, but this is a wounded man. I'm sure you will not object if we take him to the vacant stateroom below and care for him there."

Unknown to her was the strongest advocate Striker could have had, and, with his eyes brightening, Salter made prompt reply.

"Any way you please, Miss Gladden. Here, you fellows, lift him up and do just what the lady and Marx tell you."

Thus it happened that the stricken sailor was borne to a room off the cabin, and, white and senseless, laid in a berth. Except that Gladden and Lake stood by, helpless thru their age and strength, and sympathetic, he had no attention from any man, but the girls made themselves nurses and did all they could.

His wound was cleansed and dressed, and crude restoratives used, but he remained unconscious.

"Got his last hurt, I reckon," said Lake.

"He hasn't the vitality to pull out of a serious trouble," added Mr. Gladden.

"Unless his skull is badly injured I think he will recover," Agatha averred. "He has lost but little blood, and the wound is not so very deep to look at. I've never admired the man, but he is a fellow-being in distress."

"We will care for him the best we can," Eveline promised. "What a sad thing it would be for him to die at sea, away from his friends. By the way, father, who are his friends?"

"I don't know," returned the merchant. "I engaged him at Benny Chain's desire, but I only know that he was a roller out of work when I hired him. 191 see Benny."

He hastened to do so, and made his report later.

"Benny knows as little as we do. The two men met in San Francisco, and as Striker was penniless Chain paid his expenses out of charity until I put him under wages. Benny only knows that he was in hard luck. It seems to me he is a sort of waif of the world. We have noticed that his language is that of an educated man, and can only surmise that misfortune left him stranded. As you said, Agatha, he never aroused our liking, but a man in ill luck demands a good turn from all well-meaning persons. I've asked Marx to come and see him. Ah! here he is now."

Marx arrived and made an examination, but without much show of seal. When it was finished he stood back.

"Nothing to worry about," he said, easily. "He is rather badly hurt, for it's more than brief unconsciousness, but I don't think he has a fracture. Possibly concussion, but time will tell."

He turned abruptly, started away, and then sent more words back over his shoulder.

"Meanwhile, we are drawing away from the pirate. Our skipper is outmaneuvering the enemy, and we shall leave the Clear the Way astern if we hold our luck."

There was, as far as the novices in surgery could see, nothing more to be done then for the stricken sailor, and they soon followed Marx to the deck.

The chase was still on, but it had been many hours since the pirate had made its existing conditions than the brigantine. Salter knew just when to tack, and, still heading nearly due south, he tacked as often as was desirable, and with excellent results. The sensitive helm and quick heels of the craft were showing themselves too much for the freebooter.

By noon the chaser was so far astern that no more shots were fired, but Little Nero hung on with grim determination, evidently hoping for some new, unexpected turn in the game.

Nightfall found him still following, but the darkness really settled everything for the beleaguered. With the vessels invisible to each other, Salter shifted his helm for a direct run and sent the Lucy racing on a new course. He confidently predicted that morning would not show any hostile craft off their keel.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Lively Lucy was at rest, her anchor down, her sails furled and her deck a picture of quiet. Night had shaken off the pirate in the night, and then, laying a course for the Pelican Island, had made her first stop two days after dropping Little Nero astern.

Mr. Gladden had beheld the landfall with satisfaction, the island was that selected for first survey from him as a possible base in his new designs. After working for hours with his party, which included Captain Salter and all the passengers, he neared the original landplace with satisfaction written in his expression.

"Nothing could be better!" he declared. "We have something like a harbor, with fine anchorage, and enough wood ashore to construct quarters for whalers, and no small matter, very good drinking water.

"I shall certainly make this one of our bases when the great design is under way."

"Has it occurred to you, father," asked Agatha, "that we haven't seen a single whale near here?"

"Eh?" cried Gladden, with a start. "How's that?"

"We have seen no whales hereabouts."

"Well, as to that, you see—er—oh! whales go ranging about the ocean, hither and yon, either by themselves or in schools. Bless you, my dear, unsophisticated child, you don't sit down like human beings and stay in one place all the while."

"But ought't they to be near our course of the last two days, if this is to be a base?"

Without any really good reason, the worthy merchant had been briefly discomposed by her opening words, but he had rallied and was able to present the best side of his case.

"Of course," he went on, "if all whales were in one place, and stationary, only one island would be needed for a base, but they range about widely. Is it not so, Captain Salter?"

"Quite right, sir," replied the mariner.

"And," pursued Gladden, with traces of resentment, "is it necessary for the logic of my plan that whales should now be in sight, spouting, and playing tag with each other?"

"Decidedly not."

"Pray don't misunderstand me, father," urged Agatha. "I was not meaning doubts on your enterprise, for I am wholly ig-

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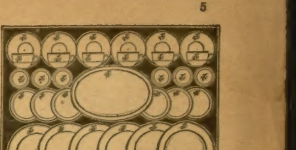

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norant in such matters, and you have studied the situation. Please overlook my slip that was due to want of knowledge."

"Certainly, my child, certainly. It is all right."

He spoke in a relieved way, but looked furtively at the outlying sea, eager to catch sight of a rising shape that would proclaim the blow of a whale.

"If," put in Salter, "we finally decide to take Big Pelican as one of your number, it will be, as you have pointed out, Agatha, an excellent land base, the general headquarters nearest the continent coast."

"I think, Captain, we shall use Big Pelican," and Gladden nodded satisfaction.

The return to the boat was resumed, with the girls walking at the rear.

"Maybe I am a culprit," whispered Agatha, "but I feel more faith than ever in father's plan since we came to this isolated island."

"And I," added Eveline, "am really ashamed to say that the place depresses me. I don't know why, for it is rather pretty, but I shall be relieved when we hoist our anchor and get under way again."

"As for me, I've not had a truly happy moment since we took that wounded sailor into the stateroom that haunts me. I ought to be ashamed, but often I find myself wishing we had let Captain Salter carry him to his forecastle."

"Poor Striker! If the Captain's diagnosis is correct he will not trouble us long."

"Then Marx says he will regain bodily health."

"What good will that do him if his mind remains a blank?"

"Marx even prophesies he' will get his mental powers back as soon as he relies from the first effects of the blow."

"There you have it, sister. Both Marx and the Captain know quite a bit about surgery, yet they differ radically as to Asa Striker. That is somewhat ominous that he has lain unconscious more than two days."

There was a pause, and then Eveline forcibly added:

"Anyhow, the sailor is an afflicted human being, and we will keep on nursing him as long as he needs our care."

"We certainly will," Agatha agreed.

By that time they were at the land's edge, and were met with the boat in which the ship lay riding at her anchor. All hands went aboard, and, as fresh water was to be sought out for the ship casks, the remainder of the day was a quiet period for both the crew and the passengers.

In the evening there was entertainment furnished by one of Salter's men, who had a mandolin and a copious fund of songs, and, as he was of Spanish blood, many of these were really gems in the estimation of the guests.

Blunt-spoken Haggett seized the opportunity to speak privately with his commander.

"How long is this to last?"

"This what?" Salter asked.

"Child's play!"

"You mean—what?"

"Where we came to see you said that, at the right time, we would knock the passengers in the head, toss them to the fishes, and take possession of the ship and sail away to resume our trade."

"Quite right."

"Then why don't we do it? We play nigger to Gladden and his mushy associates, and days go by. Are we turned into lambs? Why not seize the next merchant ships again? But no, I nod and bob my head to the landlubbers, and you set in your cabin and read that silly book of laws we borrowed from the real Ambrose G. Salter."

"Billy! Bless me, Haggett, if there's more of this you will be broken and sent to the forecastle. No man with your poor judgment is fit to be mate in a ship, Billy! Why, that hook has wisdom surpassing the profoundest dreams of Solomon."

"Bosh" growled the mate.

"Had you served in the law, as I once did, you would see all this. I do read the unrivaled volume, for it thrills me. Yet, be content, Haggett, for this will soon end. I promise you that before five days have passed this quiet time will be over, Gladden and his friends will be deep in the ocean, and we shall again be sacking ships. Our trade is piracy. Rest easy, Haggett, for it be it again. Enough for now. Milksop Pearson comes near. Talk about island bases and the luring of whales. Pay homage to Gladden's folly."

The interview was ended, and Haggett was a trifle appeased, but in the latter's nature remained him eager to cast off the shackles of outward decency and get back to the ways of crime and pillage. Gladden had judged him, and in his opinion it was hateful that so fine a ship should be in other hands than those of the free rovers.

The evening ended and the cabin party went below. They had a look at Striker, and every one felt encouraged in what them found encouragement in his condition. Gladden was direct in his prediction that the wounded man was likely to be conscious in the morning.

After that the Lucy was soon a place of quiet, but not of gloom. Salter was regretful of Little Nero, and he allowed no lights to burn, but a riding watch was established, and Salter was not to sleep. So the night lull fell, slumber generally prevailed elsewhere, the ship barely "hung" at her tripping and whispering lightly as it met the hull, the masts lifting threadlike lines above the dark deck, and the sea-glass and gazed long and critically.

"Nothing in sight," he muttered, well satisfied. "Little Nero will have given Little Nero the slip in full. Still, I shall see him again before long, and, by the Gods in the Hall of Odin, he'll never get away and left me and Red Roger to fight the warship alone! There will be a time of reckoning for him!"

Bitterness was in his heart, but he cast off the mood, went to a cove and had a plunge in the sea. When it was finished he again dressed, had another look thru the glass, and started back to where the Lucy lay a few score yards short of their point when he met Adion, coming in haste.

"Say, Bluddgton, you are wanted on board!" exclaimed the sailor.

"Why?" asked the Captain briefly.

"We've got a dead man there!"

"Who?"

"Asa Striker! He lies in his berth, a knife stuck thru his heart. Murdered as he lay unconscious."

The Captain's indifference disappeared. Death was his trade, but this matter impressed and him as a mystery.

"What more?" he demanded.

"That's all for now. Some of the cabin folks found him dead, they got up. There he was, dead for hours, and nothing to tell more. I immediately dropped everybody and came to let you know. I thought you'd like to hear of it."

"Who the deuce dares do any killing without my permission?" asked Salter sharply. "Is it known who did it?"

"No. Not a sign yet. There the fellow lies, dead."

Salter stepped into the boat and seized an oar.

"Get back!" he directed. "Killing done without my permission? If I find the killer I'll cut his ears off—still, what does it matter? Striker was no more than a lump of useless clay. We can, at a pinch, find room in the ocean to bury him. Good riddance to him!"

He reached the ship, ascended the dangling ladder, and walked below without haste and entered the stateroom Striker had occupied. There was a stir in the other rooms where the passengers ware improving their attire after first survey of the slain man, but it happened that Mate Haggett was the only person then near the victim of the crime.

Salter looked at the dark figure that had made its last conscious movement.

"Axion was right," he commented, with utter indifference. "Murdered while he slept. Even if he had regained his senses he never could have committed suicide so scientifically. That knife was driven with force. Died an instant death. Any idea who did it, Haggett?"

"No," returned the mate, with equal indifference.

"It doesn't matter. His going will not leave us short-handed, and besides, he was soon to be discharged. If it was one of our crew they would be reckoning for this—eh, Haggett?"

"Maybe."

"The killer should swing higher than Haman! As it is, we will just toss him overboard and go at first. Useless clay! Has there been any call to breakfast yet?"

"No. I don't know that the cook has begun. He's scared by this—"

"Pooh, pooh! Then he's a weak fool. Stir him up! Get out the sea-glass in its place and then we must eat."

Wholly unmoved, Salter went to his room to change his clothes. As he did so his attention fell upon a book that lay before him. There was a sudden flush of color in his face, and he picked it up quickly. New emotions came rushing to his expression, and he stood there like one sad-faced merchant nodded and pointed.

"I know, I know!" Salter exclaimed hotly. "A fine book, well done, but," and he forcibly struck the book he carried, "the wrong shall not go unpunished. Little Nero's blood calls for atonement, and not in vain. I swear that the murderer shall be discovered and hanged like the beast he is!"

CHAPTER IX.

MR. GLADDEN'S expression changed quickly and the eagerness driving the shadows of gloom away.

"I've been thinking about this," he returned, "and have come to the end of the victim was a man so inoffensive that it seems all the more vile that his life should have been taken."

"Striker," continued the Captain, "was a fine sailor, a valuable member of our crew, and one for whom I had a strong personal liking. That was a very unbumble seaman; but this clay is human flesh, and it must be regarded by us as precious. Poor Striker!"

"Who could have done the deed?"

"That is the big horror."

"It's a great pity we are so far from the mainland. An officer of the law is required at once."

"Do you remember, sir," Salter went on steadily, "that I've told you I was once a public notary?"

"Yes."

"A notary, and a trial justice. Just a step higher, judge. Look at this book, sir. You will see that it is a copy of the laws of California. Now, the fly leaf. What do you find there?"

"Ambrose G. Salter, Sanzuconto, California," Gladden read aloud.

"That," the mariner went on, "is enlightening. It is my book, and you see my name and late residence. Sanzuconto is a small town in the south of the State. I am known, and cannot keep away from it wholly, but if am still a notary, never having resigned nor been deprived of my appointment. I am competent, officially, to deal with this matter. Of course, our island is not California, and, technically, the only law having force here is that vague law of the deep sea that no mate has ever yet put on paper, but as California is the nearest land owned by the United States it seems eminently proper that its statutes should now have use just as if we were on shore."

"I follow you," replied Gladden, quickly.

"Being a notary, it is my duty——"

At that moment the cook appeared at the door.

"Sir," he said deferentially, "I will have breakfast ready as soon as possible."

"Breakfast be hanged!" snapped Salter. "Why do you mention such nonsense now? We've more to think about than packing our stomachs. Yes, that stay! We have tender women aboard. Get breakfast, Jerry!"

Turning back to Gladden the Captain resumed without material break. "I feel it my duty to deal with this matter in my official capacity. An amateur is not wanted, nor could he perform the proper functions creditably. I however, have seen much experience, and shall attend to matters on a strictly legal basis."

"You have my full approval, sir."

"A formal investigation must be made."

"Decidedly so."

"Now, who discovered this atrocious crime?"

"Stanley Lake. He came to see if he could do anything for Striker."

"I will talk with Lake. Has anything been disturbed here?"

"No. Lake hastened to tell me, and it was no certain that life was extinct that we did not even touch the poor sailor."

"Quite proper. Much is often lost by meddling at the start. It is hardly likely the murderer has left any incriminating signs, but we will look. On land footprints sometimes play a part, the echo value of them has been greatly exaggerated. This floor shows nothing of the sort. Neither is there anything that was dropped by the criminal. Pray take notice that the floor shows nothing. Now,

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yonder shelf-table is wholly bare, and I detect no finger marks at present. His clothing hangs on yonder hooks."

Salter was proceeding with concentration of movement, eye and mind that delighted the merchant. He lifted the clothes and continued:

"No bloodstains on these things, and only the most trifling personal belongings in the pockets. See! I return the wearables to their place, and they are not to be disturbed by any one. Lastly, the berth."

"The covers are thrown back," said Gladden, "but the night was warm, and I think they were so when we turned in, last night."

"That left the breast of our poor sailor exposed. The butcher had only to drive his blow and it was done. We will, presently, shift the body and search the berth, tho it seems useless. Really, we have no signs that were rashly left by the assassin. Lastly, the fatal knife. Whose was it?"

"Striker's own."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!" Gladden answered readily. "It has been on the table ever since he was brought here. I recognize it by the nick near the handle. You will notice that whatever broke that, away left an odd, diagonal gap, small, but none the less peculiar."

"Since you have previously given heed to the weapon I cannot well challenge your claim for it's an odd nick, as you say."

"Captain, this sailor was a strange man. You and I have talked of that before. You've said he was a capable seaman, he was educated, he followed his calling. That we can pass by, but it has seemed to me he was an unhappy man. He was nervous, and other things, more subtly when small things happened unexpectedly, almost as if he was in fear of something. Is it possible that he was in dread of the law for some slightly improper act, and that now, recovering from his unconscious state, he decided that life was not worth living and committed suicide?"

"Oh, no, no!" Salter exclaimed. "I admit the education and the nervousness and sensitive starts, but not the self-destruction. All other things aside, his wound would have weakened him so much that he never could have gone to the table and secured the knife."

"So I have reasoned."

"He was never muscular, anyhow. See the small hand and wrist. His arm must be the same——"

The Captain pushed back the sailor's sleeve, and then both men stood gazing at a tattooed design in the blue ink so dear to men of the sea.

"A. G. S.," Gladden deciphered. "Probably his initials."

"Yes. Notice the size of the arm. A weak man, that."

"I have dropped the suicide theory, which, at the best, was forced. I never seriously entertained. By the way, Salter, his initials are just the same as yours."

"Yes-es," was the hesitating reply.

"Isn't it queer that Coroner Ambrose G. Salter should be holding court on the body of Asa G. Striker?"

"Not at all!" was the brusque reply. "And yet," Salter's manner growing warry, "it is a coincidence, to say the least. Odd, but hardly deeply impressive when the world has millions of men in it."

"It's fortunate for you that it isn't Ambrose G. Salter who lies here in such melancholy plight."

"Yes."

For some time the Captain had been aware that the whole cabin party was massed behind him, nearer the door, silent but keenly interested. He now turned and faced them, running his gaze from face to face. He observed that Evelina and Martha Lake looked frightened, and the male passengers gravely disturbed.

"Can anybody among you add to what has been told already?" he asked.

Silence followed the question.

"We may take this as a negative," he pursued, "but I want you to search your recollections closely. Did anybody hear unusual sounds during the night?"

The silence continued. Salter ran his gaze from one to another, and the keen eyes in his face were full of the most intentness. He believed that somebody in that group could tell him the truth, for he did not put the question without a fraction of suspicion. If the murderer was there, who was it? From the faces of the men he directed his attention to the hands and wrists of the two girls. They were slender of build, but he noted that they had wrists far from feeble.

At that moment he left nobody out of consideration; believed that a muscular woman might have driven the knife. Again he shifted his gaze suddenly.

"Lake," he asked, "what is that bloodstain on your sleeve? You had trouble with Striker. What about the stain?"

CHAPTER X.

LAKE, thus bluntly questioned, seemed to become bewildered. He held out his hands and rubbed one sleeve with the other.

"What stain?" he asked. "I see none."

"Right there!" and the Captain pointed.

"Some sort of a minute discoloration certainly," the young man admitted. "What it is I don't know, for I've not seen it before. As far as I can tell it might be a splotch of coffee. If it's blood, which I doubt, positively it came there when, a couple days back, I bumped my head and started a little claret from my nose."

Dropping his hands he abruptly grew belligerent.

"What do you mean, Salter?" he demanded. "Am I accused of doing that poor devil of a sailor to death?"

"I accuse no man," replied Salter, gravely. "I am only seeking for light, and, in so doing, acting strictly in the line of my duty."

"You already know," interrupted Mr. Gladden, "that our Captain is also a notary public, and that such work as this is in the line of his regular labors. Pray do not feel vexed, friends, if the suggestion is uncomfortable for us, what a pitifully small thing it is in comparison with the terrible thing that has happened to Striker."

"Correct," said Lake, heartily. "Drive ahead, Salter, and you can rely upon me to help you all I can. Get at the truth of this, and then we will play the California game and hang the criminal off-hand!"

"You have sailors aboard, sir," Pearson reminded, looking at Salter.

"As honest fellows as ever lived," asserted the skipper, "yet, in this trouble, not to be overlooked, and I'm to be overlooked."

"I believe," said Lake, dryly, "that your man Axlon was in the same happening that you were pleased to chalk up against me, and, more than that, Axlon was the chief aggressor."

"He will receive careful attention," the Captain promised.

At that moment a faint voice in the cabin announced that breakfast was ready. It had been under way before trouble began, and Jerry had now finished. He, too, had a duty to perform, and he called attention to the catch-line.

The investigation was postponed for the time, and the party gathered at the table. A few of the passengers found no be fickle, but others there ate as usual. All the passengers, however, gave more than their fervent attention to Salter. He had suddenly become a doubly impressive figure. Always recognized as a masterful commander of the sea, he had taken on new force. His keen face and sharp eyes told of the alert brain back of them, and if the slayer of Striker was there he probably experienced some uneasiness. Magistrate Salter was ominous in his quiet, steadfast force.

When eating was finished he went to the cabin again. The first thing that attracted his attention was the letters inked into the murdered man's arm—A. G. S. The person who had stolen the name, Ambrose G. Salter, did not have the slightest suspicion that he need be interested in those letters. To him Striker was only a mariner in hard luck, a waif on life's fiercely trying sea, a man like others who had lived, fought for existence, and had died. But what Salter the man passed by absorbed Salter the notary—the mystery of the murder must be solved.

As the next step the body was shifted and the berth carefully searched. When it was done the facts became clear that he who had struck and then slipped quietly away had left no betraying signs that were then detected.

After that Salter did not hasten matters, but went to the deck. Absorbing as the man-hunt below was, he did not forget that other man-hunts might be afoot. When Lawless in San Francisco he was unable to learn what had become of the warship that had sunk two of the pirate vessels, but was always vividly aware that it might still be raging the Pacific to finish the work so disastrously begun. It would be a reward if that ship appeared on the scene.

Also, there was the possibility of danger from Little Nero. He and that native freebooter had always nominally been friends, and would meet on the old footing if thrown together, but he now hated the Filipino who had left Red Roger and himself in the lurch when the frigate was attacking them, and later had chased the Lively Lucy.

Until he had the guns to fight Nero he did not want to see him. If he appeared he would be powerless to renew outward comradeship with him, but that would betray him to Gladden, and end his notary work while the fever to pursue it was in full force.

Because of these things he was anxious about sea conditions. Mate Haggett met him near the companionway.

"What's away?" the chief asked briefly.

"Open sea. Nothing else," Haggett replied.

"Who have you as a lookout on the land elevation?"

"Joe Frisk."

"With strict orders to be alert?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose we can rest easy, but I want you to see yourself, taking the strongest glass, and make sure there is not even a gull's wing on the horizon."

"Blackington," urged the mate, sinking his voice, "why not get away from here safely while we can? A two days' run will take us to our private base, where we can stock up with big guns, and then we shall be as well found as ever we were in the Sixth-degree Sword. Why not go away?"

"Not just yet," Salter returned composedly. "Wait a little while."

"To keep up that mummery over dead Striker?"

"Hardly respectful to your superior officer," remarked Salter, with the tolerance he nearly always showed to Haggett. "Be assured that there is more afoot than you dream of, and wait for developments. Would you be content with a cent when you could have a dollar? Wait, man, wait! As for the murder below, I'll soon unravel that."

"You state that you were once in the law business. Ever act as detective?"

"No."

"Or as a notary?"

"No. I was merely a lawyer's clerk, as I've told you before."

"And now you think you can succeed as notary, lawyer, detective, and all the rest?"

"I'm going to try!"

The words leaped forth sharply, and when Haggett heard them and saw the closing of his leader's jaws, he abandoned further argument.

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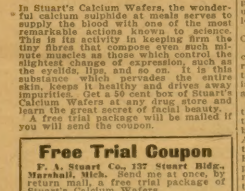

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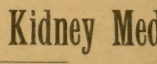

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When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, remember it is needless to suffer—go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases.

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doned his intention of making a strong argument. When the Captain was in that mood it was as he well knew, useless to argue or to entreat. Salter would have his way.

"You ought to be a real notary," he grumbled.

"I am one, and a benched judge. Haggett, the law is a fascinating mistress. Now, look you here, Salter, about your part."

He continued, urging caution as to the keeping of the lookout, and finally brought the mate into a condition of good humor and alertness. Next to himself, he trusted his surly chief officer, so he was soon able to give all of his immediate attention to the problem below. This brought content, for he felt himself elevated from the humble plane of a notary to the lofty position of a judge.

Reaching the cabin again, he summoned all of the party there, and, Wilkinson being present, bade him stay with them.

"My good friends," said the chief, in his most urbane manner, "it is time that we proceeded with our investigation into the death of the late Asa Striker. We must gather what information we can. First, I think you have the right to know what you know of the man save what we have seen since he joined us in the ship?"

There was a chorus of voices to confirm his belief.

"Old Benny Chain saw him earlier," Mr. Gladden added.

"We will question Chain. I want some one here to set down my abstract of the various testimonies. You, Mr. Wilkinson, shall do that. Be so good as to get pens and ink. Now, it is very warm here, so please all go on deck, and remain there except as I call you, one by one."

The watchful chief saw evidences of remonstrance in several quarters, and hastened to turn to Gladden.

"Is not that right, sir?" he added.

"Yes," returned the unsuspicious merchant.

"Then pray go to the deck. Mr. Gladden, kindly send Benny down, and then I'll hear you after him."

Even when the charterer started there was hesitation among the others, but they yielded and followed, halfway up the companion, Agatha whispered to her sister:

"I begin to hate Salter. What horrid thing has he in mind? I hope nothing dreadful will come of this, but I'm actually trembling!"

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

Col. Wade's Daughter.

(Continued From Page 4.)

the cub class. Crown began giving him better assignments. For a time all was well, and then Sturgis again began to grow restless. The romance in a detective's life still seemed like the pot of gold that is reputed to repose at the end of the rainbow. It wasn't there.

The beautiful heroine in the clutches of the villain Adolphus not yet appeared. Sturgis was all but ready to throw up the sponge, return North and go into the wool business. Conversation with Patrice on the train occurred.

He smiled at the ceiling as he lay on his cot.

"Beautiful heiress," he recited to himself, "in the toils of conspirators, led by a vampire who must not yet be known to rob and murder him. And it's real!"

Detective Sturgis stood on the threshold of the Great Adventure at last!

This mysterious story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the next few months many more stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will pay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

DID NOT WORK.

When Danvers and his friend Barlow came into the car Danvers was talking.

"I have come to the conclusion," he said, "that the only Christian way for people to get along with each other in these crowded cars is to stand up in relays. It looks hoggish for one set of passengers to occupy all the seats all the time. There ought to be a general shaking up every five minutes and give the strap-holders a chance to sit down."

"It wouldn't work," said Barlow. "It would turn out like every other altruistic scheme. Some generous souls would be giving up their seats all the time and others would be sitting still all the time, waiting for somebody else to do their duty. And besides, nobody would have nerve enough to qualify his offer with the five minutes' proviso you mention."

"I would," said Danvers, "and the first chance I get I am going to test the scheme and see if it works."

He found a chance before he got home. Somewhere in the shopping district two women came into the car and as they sat down beside Danvers; the other, finding no vacant seat, stood in front of him. Danvers looked at her politely. "Now is your opportunity," he whispered.

Danvers sat still for a few minutes, watching the woman's swaying, lurching figure. Presently he said:

"Madam, I will give you my seat and let you rest a while if you will promise to give it back to me at the end of five minutes."

The woman lunged helplessly into Danvers' lap.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "That sudden turn—oh, yes; I'm all right now, thanks. What was it you said about five minutes?"

Danvers repeated his offer.

"That is very kind of you, I am sure," she said, "but I feel that it ought not take the seat. If you are ill and think you won't be able to stand more than five minutes at a time, perhaps you had better sit still."

Danvers replied, "I feel well enough," he said, "but it is a conviction of mine that no one who rides in street cars ought to be obliged to stand longer than five minutes at a stretch. Are you willing to accept this seat under those conditions?"

"Certainly," said the woman. "You are very thoughtful to offer it at all. What time is it now, please?"

"I haven't got my watch," Danvers replied, as he clutched the dangling strap, "but it doesn't matter. It will take us just five minutes to get from here to the Opera House. I'll keep an eye open for that. When we get there I will let you know, and you can give me a show again."

"Very well," said the woman, and she resumed the interrupted conversation with her companion.

At Thirty-fifth street there was a blockade. By the public clocks in the neighborhood it lasted just twenty minutes. At the end of five minutes Danvers began to fidget. At the end of ten minutes his impatience became audible.

"Ah-m-m-m!" he said. "Confounded long wait, this."

The woman checked her flow of speech.

"Have we got to the Opera House yet?" she asked, innocently.

"To the Opera House?" said Danvers. "Great heavens, we haven't budged an inch for ten minutes." How on earth did you expect us to get to the Opera House?"

"Dear me," said the woman, "how provoking. These blockades do delay one so. When we get there let me know, please, if I don't happen to notice it. I promised, you remember, to let you sit down again when we got to the Opera House."

Barlow snickered. "Yes, I remember," said Danvers.

Thirteen minutes later they reached the temple of music.

"Madam," said Danvers.

"Ah, here we are," said the woman. It was true and Danvers sat down.

"Madam," he said, "you seemed to forget that there were two strings to your agreement, one relating to time, the other to place. You disregarded the first. You kept me standing something like twenty-five minutes. I shall be equally inconsiderate. I shall not relinquish this seat at the end of five minutes."

"Oh, that's all right," said the woman. "I get off at Forty-fourth street, anyway."

"What did I tell you?" said Barlow. "I told you you would get the worst of the bargain."

"I hadn't counted on blockades," said Danvers wearily. "The next time I'll take care not to mention particular corners, also not to make a bargain of any kind with a woman."

* * *

Fully Explained.

The learned counsel in the great will case literally beamed with joy. Here was a witness who ♦ was everything a witness should be.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said, enthusiastically. "Your memory for detail does you great credit. And on behalf of the numerous relatives of the testator who are present in court, I should like to say that you are very flattering, the none the less truthful, description that you have just given of the esteemed gentleman who is now, alas! no more."

A murmur of applause went round the crowded court.

"I presume," continued the learned counsel, "that you were very intimate with the deceased during his lifetime?"

The witness hesitated and blushed a crimson red. "N-n-no," he answered, lamely. "In fact, I never saw him in my life."

"But, really, sir," cried the lawyer, in surprise, "I fail to see how you could give such an accurate and flattering description of him if you never saw him."

The witness gave a very sickly smile. "Perhaps you will understand better," he said, "when I tell you that I married his widow!"

* * *

Typical.

Charles S. Mellen, New England's noted railroad man, once said at a luncheon in Boston:

"In this way some people talk, you'd think that there were a thousand safety appliances, any one of which applied to American trains would abolish accidents and loss of life forever.

"There is, it is true, an abundance of safety devices invented. These we are testing, one by one, just as fast as we can. But very, very few of them prove, on a jarring train, to do the things they do on paper.

"The average safety device, indeed, recalls the widow who applied for outdoor relief.

"'Yours is a sad case,' said the charity agent. 'How did you lose your husband, ma'am?'

"'He was killed, sir,' answered the widow, 'while testin' a new safety cow-catcher for the P. D. R. Railroad.'"

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By Augustin W. Breeden

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CHAPTER X.

THE GRAY BATTLESHIPS.

THE attacking troops turned out, however, not to be Carranzistas at all, but Colorados of a factional chief who had been furnishing the scheming Ynez with gold from his provinces for three months and getting nothing but promises of love in return, and who had now raided the town in an effort to collect.

In no time the house was surrounded. So continuous was the fire that it flashed lit up the night as no ordinary fireworks could. Troops fought in the yard, fought in the church across the street, and fought hand to hand in the very house itself. A gang of black Coloradon broke in the door of Tom Ashley's dungeon. They uttered an unintelligible lingo, but seeing him a prisoner of the people they were attacking, they at once cut his bonds and set him free. He seized a pistol from one of them and rushed up the stairs. There a great, dark, bearded man was struggling with Ynez Herara.

"Help," he was shouting, as he struggled, "I have been loaning you gold and gold and gold, and you promised to be my wife for payment. Now I have come for you." He seized her savagely in his arms, while she screamed and fought, forgetting all her queenly demeanor, and thus he carried her out of the house.

Tom found Dick Folsom in a great room having rather puzzled. While he tried to get an explanation from him, the house became quiet. The Colorado chief had played Lochinvar to the queenly Ynez. His men had captured all the town they could carry, and they were making haste to get out of the city before the Heraristas could rally in force.

"We must escape with them!" cried Tom, as he saw that for some reason or other Dick was not at liberty. "Surely they will help us escape when they know we have been her prisoners."

So the two dashed from the house together in the early dawn, and finding two horses whose riders had been killed, mounted and rode away with the Colorados. There was a sort of running fight till noon, and the Heraristas, probably not yet understanding the nature of their loss, turned back and left Ynez Herara to her fate. It turned out that the Colorado chief was a man named Xinthia, a half-breed Indian and Spaniard, literally the owner of one of the richest provinces in all Mexico. He treated his two wards, Folsom and Ashley, very kindly, for Ynez saw no advantage to be gained by revealing the fact that they were her husband and his friend, and they journeyed with his bands for four days till they reached his stronghold.

Dick Folsom remembered distinctly everything that had taken place up to the time he was wounded and left for dead in a ditch. He had not the least idea how he came to be in the house of Ynez Herara, and of course he did not remember having written any letter treacherous to the United States, much less the one that Tom Ashley asked him about. But when he learned that it was now his January, he realized that he had been out of his head for a very long time. It was with horror that he learned all that Tom Ashley had to tell him about the stories that were circulated concerning him in the United States.

"I tell you, Tom," he said, in awestruck tones, "I positively believe that woman is a witch, and that she had me under her power all that time."

At the news that his sister was still in danger of marrying Kitzi he was almost insane with rage and anxiety.

"We must escape from here," he said. "We must reach the coast and get in touch with my sister before she makes an irredeemable error."

Three nights later, having bribed two men to them to escape to the coast, Dick Folsom and Tom Ashley slipped to the house where the rich chief kept Ynez in durance vile. They slipped up to the window and looked down on the queenly enturevj cured of his old infatuation for her, and Tom wanted to make sure of her safety and see how much of her old power she still retained. And such a sight as they beheld!

The chief came into the room, and Ynez cringed before him.

"So," he cried, "you borrowed my gold, but you did not wish to pay me."

In a flash he leaped toward her and caught her wrists, while she cringed until Dick Folsom was ready to kill the wretch for his very brutality.

"She is crushed," whispered Tom Ashley, "The spirit is crushed at last. She will never leave that man alive. Come away, Dick, old boy. Let's not look at it."

Three days later they reached the coast, and two days after that they were picked up by a steamer bound for Honolulu. At Honolulu they made inquiries for Patricia. They were informed that three days before she had sailed aboard a private yacht belonging to Prince Cutahama, and that Kitzi Kishinuma was on board.

Under the shock of this last and final disappointment, Dick Folsom's reason came completely back to him, and at last he understood everything that had taken place during his delirium. He was horrified to think of what he had all unconsciously done. He knew that he might once more lose his reason, he wrote out a statement of all the facts, had it attested by Tom Ashley, and sent it, as a secret state document, to the State Department at Washington.

Then, without a day's delay, extra moment of time more than was necessary, the two men chartered a yacht and started after Prince Cutahama and the Cutahama's party." They learned before they left Honolulu that the invitation that had been extended to the rich pineapple planter's wife had really merely been sent at the instigation of Prince Cutahama. They learned he had taken two semi-respectable American women from Honolulu along as chaperones. Kitzi sailed as navigator, and on the boat in Honolulu seemed,to know the destination of the yacht.

On board their own yacht the two men carried a good-sized gun, capable of sinking any ordinary yacht afloat, and in addition they had on board a two-passenger Curtiss biplane. They knew well enough it was piracy to go upon the high seas in a vessel armed for a man; but little cared they now for law either national or international. They were determined to take Patricia Folsom and Prince Cutahama their prisoners either dead or alive. They had both been thru too much to stand upon ceremony or diplomatic relations. These two men had plotted the downfall of the United States, and had all but kidnaped an unsuspecting and romantic girl; they should pay accordingly.

Meanwhile, what was taking place aboard the yacht of Prince Cutahama? It was bent on a secret diplomatic mission, to meet a ship of a certain European power in South Pacific and Kitzi, who had completely lost his head—to the disgust of Prince Cutahama—was about to take Patricia and his two Hawaiian-Americans along. Kitzi improved the time by making love to Patricia morning, noon and night.

But Patricia had come at length to have vague suspicions that all was not right with Kitzi. Ever since in Mexico she could not understand just what was wrong, unless it was that Ynez had bewitched him; but of late the things that he was doing there were really abominable. A sort of patriotism had at last awakened in her. The memory of her parents pining there at home haunted her day and night; and she felt conscience-stricken that every single thought of this trip she was taking with Kitzi and Cutahama. So when Kitzi persistently begged her to marry him at the first port they put into, she as persistently refused to do so.

Now, one of the purposes of that yachting trip was to review the Japanese fleet in mid-ocean. The admirals wanted to be informed of the speed and coaling distance of their ships to Prince Cutahama. Hence, when they had reached sea far enough, they were somewhere, so Patricia judged, in the South-Central Pacific, they spent a whole day in passing great gray hulls lying low in the water. Poor Patricia counted and counted until she became weary.

"What do you think now?" queried Kitzi, as he came to her on deck. "Could we whip the little Gringoes? Could we take the Panama Canal? Could we capture San Francisco? I have great power with my father, the Emperor. Marry me, and I will call off these dogs of war. Refuse me, and I will turn their hands upon your country. Take your choice."

"So, you have become a traitor." It was Cutahama's quiet voice. He had come upon deck with his eatlike tread and had heard the younger man's utterance. "And what is that you tell this young woman? That the Emperor is your father, eh?"

He turned suddenly to Patricia. "Mitz Patricia, he is no more the son of the Emperor than any of the brown boys that sail aboard this yacht."

"But, but," stammered Patricia, "he showed me a letter in which the Emperor called him his son."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Cutahama. "Why, my dear young woman, you do not understand. That is simply a way of speaking with the Emperor. He calls me his son, also; it is merely a manner of speaking."

Kitzi's eyes blazed with hate. He was insanely in love with this girl. He wheeled and like a cat was upon the older man. He wrestled with him jiujitsu fashion and tried to kill him with his hands. The girl screamed with horror and Kitzi desisted shamefacedly. But the old Prince was so badly injured that they had to put him to bed and nurse him thruout the night.

Once more, as they kept watch, Kitzi pressed his suit with Patricia.

"All these dogs of war," he kept repeating, "will I turn loose upon your country if you refuse to marry me."

"And what guarantee will I have that you will not turn them loose upon us anyway, even tho I marry you?" asked the girl, weakening.

"I will write a paper instructing my government that the time is not ripe to strike, if you will but marry me. I will give this paper into your hands. You yourself may get it forwarded to the Emperor."

"And what if Cutahama sends in an entirely different report?"

"I can imitate Cutahama's handwriting perfectly. Moreover, I have a perfect facsimile of his seal. Trust me; I can attend to Cutahama's part of the affair."

"But he will deny it orally as soon as he reaches Japan. He will give you the lie."

"Trust me, he will never reach Japan. He will never go home from this cruise."

This was the Ph.D. and the Phi Beta Kappa speaking. This was the young man who gave Y. M. C. A. lectures on the subject of international peace.

"Give me two days to think," begged Patricia. "Give me just forty-eight hours to consider."

CHAPTER XI.

A LETTER FOR THE EMPEROR.

COLONEL DICK and Tom Ashley, cruising in their own yacht, also encountered that line of gray-hulled fighting

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vessels. Colonel Dick ground his teeth and swore as he beheld them. He guessed that Kitzi was using that very show to intimidate his sister into marrying him. But he knew the meaning of that display. Some fine day that squadron meant to come over the horizon, attack the Hawaiian Islands, drive us out of the Philippines, and take the Panama Canal. Those ships had our best superdreadnaughts outspeeded and outranged. In a naval engagement they would certainly give us the worst of it. So the old Colonel ground his teeth and swore. Then, the second day after they had come upon the line of ships, they sighted a little yacht.

Colonel Dick's heart was in his throat from that moment on. His own was a combination steam and sail yacht, one of the fastest on the Pacific. He spread all sail and made all the steam possible in an effort to keep up with the other. She was sighted at dawn, and all day long they chased her. Then, at night, a fall, a strange lifting of the wind. The Colonel's yacht picked up two women in an open boat.

He hurriedly questioned them. Yes, they had come off the Prince's yacht. The Prince had died that day from wounds, they thought received in a fight with Kitzi a few days before. Kitzi was in sole command, and had forced Patricia to agree to marry him as soon as they could reach port or hail a vessel.

"Why did you people come off?" queried Colonel Dick, his face ashen white.

"We believed there was going to be trouble soon. We knew Kitzi was scheming and we think the girl is preparing to do something desperate, probably to scuttle the boat to get away from Kitzi the instant Jap. Yes, he is really insane where she is concerned. He will do anything for the love of her," they asserted.

A storm, one of those sudden South Pacific storms, was coming up—for they were now well into the tropic Pacific.

"Make ready the biplane," commanded Colonel Dick.

His voyage had done him good physically and mentally. All his old commanding self had returned at last.

The aeroplane was made ready, and just as night came down on a howling storm, Colonel Dick put out in the biplane to try to overtake the Prince's yacht, for to overtake her in his own yacht had now proved impossible. For three hours he fought with the treacherous currents of air, holding his life in his hands every moment of the time. Then he suddenly swooped down aboard the yacht where Kitzi held his sister imprisoned.

No one could have been more surprised than those two, Kitzi and Patricia. They were no longer sweethearts. Rather, Kitzi held Patricia just as the Colorado chief was holding Ynez. He was entirely insane with love of her—had already committed murder for love of her, and meant now to hold her and make her his by fair means or foul.

He watched Colonel Dick stagger into the little cabin with a snarl that told the latter on his guard. Patricia had whispered to her brother what she had seen, to get this man to give him a certain statement. The government knew that his junta was not ready to strike in the Mexican cause, and to forge such a statement for Japan—and offer her as the reward. The Colonel came forward and spoke.

"Kitzi," he said, "I am in this game of international intrigue the same as you are, except that I am playing it for the United States. Your cause is lost. Know this—a fact that Ynez Herarn would never let leak out—the Vera Madre mine has never produced a cent in silver or gold. All the coin that woman sent to her troops was made from borrowed coin or bullion. She mortgaged herself for most of it, and now the bandit Xinthia has carried her away to his stronghold to collect. She lied to you; she lied to her brother; she lied to Pancho Villa. But she is out of the fight now, just the same. She is as good as dead. I, myself, as soon as I learned of your nefarious schemes, put the pumps out of commission and allowed the mine to be once more flooded. The Carranzistas are thundering at the forts of Guaina Juato. In another week the Serratista movement will be dead.

"Wait! Listen! I know the power of the Japanese navy. Its fighting machines go drifting by all day. I saw them along the horizon, and I have seen them in my dreams ever since. I fear you—frankly, I fear you. Now, I will give you my sister to be your wife if you will write a paper addressed to your Emperor, calling off your dogs of war—one paper in your own handwriting and one in that of the dead Prince Yamahama. Yes, I know you murdered him. We picked up the two women you set adrift. Now, you will write these papers, and I will return tonight the way I came, thru the storm, and leave you peacefully in possession—yours from the moment I leave your decks."

The sister started as if to appeal to her brother not to sacrifice her thus, and that movement seemed to decide Kitzi. He had all the dead Prince's papers, with the intention of playing this card if necessary. He now handed them to Colonel Dick, would sign and effectively call off the dogs of war; they would send those low grade ships back to Japan, and leave him forever.

The two letters were in Japanese. Patricia called a Japanese boy whom she thought she could trust to translate and read them for her.

"Now, write this," commanded Colonel Dick. "Your Majesty, a terrible storm is raging, and I fear the boat may go upon a reef at any moment. So I am sending these papers to you by Colonel Dick Folsom, who will, if the boat wrecks, undertake to escape in an aeroplane which we have aboard."

Kitzi saw no harm in this, so he wrote and signed it as a postcript.

"Make that two papers," commanded the Colonel in a steely voice. "They're yours—they're your wedding gown."

Again Kitzi complied, and the girl Patricia, and the next instant Colonel Dick, with the roar of a mad bull, leaped straight at the Jap's throat. Patricia flew like two man-eating tigers. Kitzi tried to reach his knife, but Patricia darted forward and overturned the table. Kitzi then tried to gain a jiujitsu hold, but somehow Colonel Dick was too strong and too long-limbed for him. More of the old American's face. He tried to gouge out his eyes; he tried with his bony fingers to find the throat of the Colonel; then slowly gaining a lifting hold on him, slowly bending him forward; slowly getting him to the door, and with his girth.

The Kanaka boys and the two or three Japanese of the yacht's crew started to come on board, but Patricia showed them her brother's pistol, stood them off. Most of them hated Kitzi, anyway, for the part he had played in the assault on their beloved Prince, so it was not a hard matter to make them stand back. And as the fight raged, the fury of the storm increased to a hurricane. There was indeed imminent danger of the yacht's going upon a reef at any moment. And this in the shark-infested waters meant certain death for all on board.

Meanwhile, the men groaned and panted as they gripped each other in a last death grapple. For long moments now Patricia, watching, could not tell that either of them had so much as moved a muscle. They were both as still as if they had been cast in bronze. Then, of a sudden, the Jap screamed and gave way. The insane grip of Colonel Dick had broken his back, but the sharks would destroy that evidence if the Japanese were to find them alive. With were only thrown to them alive. With a mighty effort Colonel Dick swept Kitzi completely over his head and overboard into the seething water.

"Now for that can of nitroglycerin," he panted to his sister.

He revealed a can of that deadly explosive wrapped in a blanket and used as part ballast for his aeroplane. "Here, ease it gently into the hold. Don't let it jar. Quick, thru there! This is going to land!"

At his words and at his sinister motions there was a howl from the two Kanaka boys and the three Japs. The girl looked pityingly at them and sent a glance of inquiry at her brother.

"The sharks," he said. "They were caught in the wrong company. The Japanese government must never know that this boat was not wrecked upon a reef and the crew eaten by sharks. I myself hate to have it so."

He ran to the helm. The boat struck some floating obstacle sent up by the storm, or some rock or reef. There was a definite shock.

"Jump for the plane!" shouted Dick in the darkness and chaos of the storm. He had seen the two men pushing his sister's paying out the electric wire to the nitroglycerin when the explosion took place. They were directly under the seat of the biplane. Together they scrambled into their places. The water was already three feet in their feet. Dark outlines fought desperately in the slightly phosphorescent sea. A dash of lightning revealed two Kanakas fighting to get hold of some of the framework of the biplane.

Colonel Dick threw in the engine. Slowly they lifted above the sea and were caught full on the storm. For hours they fought with the wind, and then, as suddenly as it had come on, the hurricane ceased, and all the everdreaded fear was that of it was the roar of the troubled sea; they themselves floated peacefully in a heavenly calm.

"Can—can you ever forgive me, brother?" pleaded the girl.

"You have done no worse than I have," cried Colonel Dick. "I, too, was fooled by her letters. It has cost me dearly. It has cost me my happiness, almost my sanity. But now you may be happy. Ynez means in store for you. Tom Ashley, who had faith in me, and came to Mexico to look for me, and found my father even gave me up for a traitor, and who took care of me when I was too dazed and insane to know who I was!—Tom Ashley, who has loved you from childhood, is waiting for you on my yacht. We will join them at daylight, if she rides out the storm."

"Thank God!" murmured the girl. "I never realized that it was Tom Ashley I loved all along!"

At daylight the aeroplane landed on the yacht, and Patricia and Patricia were reunited. Dick Folsom posted the letters to the Emperor of Japan, and thus a great crisis was averted. Japan proved embarrassing, to say the least, was averted for the United States, and Pancho Villa found himself isolated and the Gringo alone. As for Ynez Herarn, up to this date she is still in the hands of the chief, Xinthia, and Rafael Herarn has deserted the Villista cause to go and make partisan war on the Colorados to rescue her.

But the Folsoms are all at last reunited, and Tom Ashley is regarded as the best-loved member of the family. Colonel Dick was recently decorated by the United States Government for conspicuous bravery, tho many people still believe him once to have been a traitor.

The End.

* * *

Guilty.

A barrister with a long experience of queer juries in the mining regions of Pennsylvania tells the following amusing story as illustrating their eccentricities:

A man was charged with committing a murderous assault upon another as a result of some political differences.

The assault had been committed at night, there appeared to be some difficulty in identifying the assailant, and, as a matter of fact, the counsel for the defense made a very excellent case for the prisoner, calling witnesses to testify that he was nowhere near the spot where the assault took place on the night in question.

Everybody concerned fully expected that the jury would bring in a verdict of acquittal, yet, to the general astonishment, the foreman announced that the prisoner had been found guilty.

"But," he added, observing the general consternation created by his statement, "not guilty of this assault, yer honor. This is the spalpeen who stole Biddy McCarthy's big last year, and we found him guilty of that!"

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For All Pain

"The efficiency of any drug" says Dr. C. P. Robbins "is known to us by the results we obtain from its use. If we are able to control pain and suffering by means of any preparation, we certainly are warranted in its use. One of the principal excuses of all diseases is pain, and this is what the patient most often applies to us for, is something to relieve his pain. If we can arrest this promptly the patient is much nearer to trust in such remedies which will effect a permanent cure. One remedy which I have used largely in my practice is Antikamnia tablets. Many and varied are their uses. I have been using them for many occasions, and have never been disappointed. I found they especially valuable for headaches of malarial origin, where quinine was being taken. They appear to prevent the bad effects of the quinine, Antikamnia tablets are also excellent for the headaches from improper nutrition. Also for headaches of a neuralgic origin, and especially for women suffering from certain times. Two anti-kamnia tablets give prompt relief, and in a short time the patient is able to go about as usual."

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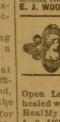

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Who Gets $200,000,000 Tire Profits?

An amazing condition revealed in the tire business. Terrible waste shown by methods of selling automobile tires. How one tire man plans to cut the cost of tires to the consumer revealed

Tire Chain Stores Offer Solution of Problem

NOTE: From Publisher Home Magazine

NOTE—The following article, written by our staff representative, outlines plans for a giant chain of tire service stations and stores which it is predicted will greatly lower automobile upkeep costs. A unique co-operative plan which has been tested out and found successful. Output of splendid factory already secured, more to follow. The success of other chain stores and the tremendous growth of the automobile industry—consequently of the tire business—makes this one of the most attractive and interesting enterprises. We have made every effort to verify the statements made here and to the best of our knowledge the statements are accurate and the estimates conservative.—(Publisher Home Magazine.)

By M. E. PHILLIPS,
(Staff Representative Home Magazine.)

Who gets the $200,000,000.00 A YEAR TIRE PROFITS?

Do you know that the cost of producing a tire is possibly ONE THIRD of the price you have to pay? That a small tire you pay $15.00 for costs about $5.00 to manufacture? That the tire costing about $20.00 to build has to retail for about $60.00?

Do you know that the tire manufacturer is satisfied to sell his tires for very little over the cost, and at only a fraction of the retail price?

Where does the balance go?

Who, then, gets this enormous "cut in" on the tires you buy?

DO YOU? Of course not.

Who, then?

Well, the JOBBER gets a BIG slice.

The WHOLESALER gets another BIG slice.

The RETAILER gets HIS SHARE.

The rest goes into advertising, dealer's helps, adjustments, etc.

Meanwhile YOU, Mr. Tire Buyer, pay the top per cent prices and worry about the high price of upkeep of your motor car.

Will Cut Tire Costs

A clever tire man, a man with intimate knowledge of the tire industry, a man with breadth of vision and economic principles, has seen this enormous WASTAGE in the tire business and has evolved a PLAN that will revolutionize the tire selling business.

He argues that TIRES COST THE CONSUMER TOO MUCH.

He says there is no reason on earth why the tire buyer should have to pay this enormous burden of profits and selling costs. If tires can be made for ONE THIRD of the present retail prices they can be sold FOR LESS than prices now charged for them and still pay legitimate profits, LARGE PROFITS, because of the volume of business a company offering such savings is bound to achieve.

This far-sighted man is a PRACTICAL TIRE MAN. As manufacturer he has MADE GOOD. He is a PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN, with all a practical man's dislike for waste. He has proved his genius for organization and big things.

This man is Mr. J. G. Feist, President of the National Rubber Company of New York.

Plans Chain of Stores

Mr. Feist's plan is to establish a chain of tire service and store stations from Maine to California, and Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The National Rubber Company of New York has been organized with strong men behind it and it has already secured the output of one entire factory as the nucleus of this chain store plan. More factories will be added as the chain extends and the need of more tires becomes evident. The first factory whose product has been secured is the National Rubber Company of Pottstown, Pa., manufacturers of the famous National Speedway Tires and National Red Tubes.

The NATIONAL SPEEDWAY REDWALL TIRES are so GOOD that they are sold under the strongest GUARANTEE to be had.

This company now has a production of 1,000 tires and tubes a day and is being enlarged to a much greater capacity. When the distribution exceeds the capacity of this plant, new plants will be started or bought in different sections of the country, or factory outputs contracted for in order to bring up the production to the necessary number of tires.

Mr. Feist proposes to sell tires at a MUCH LOWER PRICE than is now being charged for good tires elsewhere.

He plans to give SUPERIOR SERVICE to tire buyers.

He will give them a BETTER TIRE. He anticipates that in doing this his company will prove the greatest profit maker in the tire field.

Experimental Plant a Success

Mr. Feist is not building his company's future on imagination or theory. Before maturing his plans he opened in Philadelphia a station such as he proposes to establish elsewhere.

This is what his Philadelphia service station and store does:

It sells tires below the average price of high class tires of equal size and quality.

It delivers tires PUT ON YOUR CAR.

You phone in that you need a 34x4 tire and give your address. A mechanic picks up the required tire puts it in the carrier of a motorcycle and speeds off to your address. On arrival he takes off your old tire and puts on the new one. No trouble, no mess.

If you want your old tire repaired he takes it back with him and it is delivered as soon as repairs are made.

You have saved time, labor, worry and money.

The success of this first service station PROVES that REASONABLE PRICES, HIGH QUALITY GOODS, EFFICIENT SERVICE will accomplish. Profits are large because of volume. The Philadelphia service station already has 11,000 CUSTOMERS. (Not tires, but CUSTOMERS.)

The Famous Philadelphia Experimental Tire Service Store that proved to President Feist of the National Rubber Co. the practical possibilities of tire chain stores, located at the corner of North and Broad streets.

Officers and Officials of the National Rubber Company of N. Y. These men have made the making and selling of tires their life work, both as manufacturers and branch managers. They are pioneers in the tire business; they have watched the tire business grow from the experimental stage. Today they are large factors in the manufacturing of the best tire that money can make. Mr. W. C. Walsh, who is superintendent of the plant, has been for 23 years in active charge of the making of the best known tire in America. Mr. Speary was with the John Deere Plow Co. as agency organizer. Mr. Dogherty has been a tire representative for years, formerly with the Lee Tire Co. H. A. Lamoree has also been a branch tire store manager and general tire salesman with several big companies.

With this established PROOF of the value of this new departure service plan, Mr. Feist has organized a company to establish National Rubber Company SERVICE STATIONS and stores all over the country. His plan provides for opening 500 stores the first year, if possible, and more stores year by year as the company grows.

Offers Great Opportunities

The OPPORTUNITIES offered by this chain of tire service stores are self-evident.

CHAIN STORES of all kinds have been enormously successful. They have built up some of the greatest fortunes in the country. They have made their original investors enormously rich. And this in spite of the fact that most chain stores have dealt only in articles selling for a very small sum. HOW MUCH GREATER should be the profits of a chain of stores selling a product whose every SINGLE SALE equals the sale of HUNDREDS of the articles sold in most chain stores?

The UNITED CIGAR STORES, selling cigars, cigarettes and tobacco, average LESS THAN 20 CENTS PER SALE. The National Rubber Co. averages MORE THAN $29 PER SALE, with proportionate profits.

The WOOLWORTH STORES sell 5 and 10 cent articles. Yet they have made many millions and the highest office building in the world was built out of these nickels and dimes.

The REGAL SHOE COMPANY, with its chain of hundreds of shoe stores, has made its owners rich. So have the Walk-Over Shoe Stores, the W. L. Douglas Shoe Stores. All chain stores.

The TRULY WARNER Hat Store chain has accumulated wealth for its owners.

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Stores, the Jewel Tea Stores, the Acme Tea Stores, all chain stores, have made millions.

The several chains of drug stores, of grocery stores, of cheap restaurants, have all made fortunes.

The reasons for this uniform success are numerous.

In the first place a chain of stores reduces the operating cost—what is known as OVERHEAD EXPENSE—to the minimum.

Secondly, the purchasing power of the buyer who buys for hundreds of stores is so enormous that he can pretty nearly make his own price. He gets ROCK BOTTOM costs on everything. Woolworth can sell for 5 and 10 cents articles that often retail at from 25 to 50 cents because he buys outright entire factory productions. The manufacturer who sells his whole output to one man for cash, eliminates all selling expense, salesmen, advertising, collections, etc., and can sell for a quick turnover, and will yet make more profit in the end. That's how the chain store buyer can buy at such a low figure that he can sell goods that retail generally for 25 cents for 5 and 10 cents.

Then, the chain store man nearly always buys FOR CASH. That means he takes advantage of every cash discount and by paying cash he enables his

(Continued on next page.)

[Please mention the Chicago Ledger when writing advertisers.]

Section of tire-making department. Here a small army of workmen are constantly employed putting the finishing touches to National Redwall Speedway tires. These workmen are the high-skilled labor and their rapidity and efficiency is wonderful. The splendid modern character of this ideal plant is shown clearly in this picture, with its strong, clear light, fine equipment and good flooring. Ideal conditions for turning out high-class work.

(Continued From Preceding Page)

manufacturer to buy for cash and get a similar benefit. So it becomes an endless chain of savings that benefits the ultimate consumer of the product.

Economy of Cash Buying

The chain store man uses his cash to buy everything. He buys everything the same way. He buys his fixtures, his delivery wagons—if he uses them—his every necessity at the lowest bulk price, and bulk with the chain store man means tremendous bulk

Boston Service Store of National Rubber Company, located at 857 Columbus avenue

makes this projected chain of tire service stores all the more important.

At the beginning of 1917 there were approximately THREE MILLION autos in use in the United States. According to last census, figures show there were in 1910 (date of last census) 91,972,256 inhabitants in the U. S. It is calculated that there are now at least 110,000,000 people in the U. S. At this rate, there is one auto in the U. S. for every 40 people. In many of the states, the ratio is higher than one for every 15 people. This means that THERE IS A TREMENDOUS POSSIBILITY FOR MORE MACHINES

that there are OVER TEN MILLION men in the U. S. who should be, and probably soon will be, auto owners. These are men who, because of their business, their financial condition and their position, should become automobile owners.

There are upwards of seven million farmers in the U. S. and of these a large percentage will probably become owners of automobiles. Just now only about 7 per cent of the prosperous farmers own automobiles. The farmer is today the RICH MAN of the U. S. He has been getting the biggest prices ever paid for crops, he has by scientific farming increased the yield of his acres, and he has been fortunate in getting big crops when the price was highest.

For these reasons, THE FARMER IS USUALLY PROSPEROUS and he is putting some of his riches into the comforts and conveniences of an automobile.

With such prospects, with such a tremendous field to conquer, with the SUCCESS that has attended the FIRST UNIT of the National Rubber Company chain of service stores, it is not hard to visualize the ENORMOUS POSSIBLE PROFITS from this enterprise.

How Profits Pile Up

Even a casual consideration of the subject makes the figures run into such amazing columns of profits that the very thought is staggering.

The great earnings of chain stores of all kinds has been in the aggregate

When you take 1,000 stores and pile their profits in one great heap, you have a formidable aggregate—an aggregate which doesn't have to be very large in the individual case to make up this magnificent total.

Let us take into consideration one unit and then see how it works out.

Firstly, we must remember that these service stores are operated at a minimum of expense. Being administered from the central office, the costs of operation are spread over the whole chain, the local stores require only inexpensive help. The man who operates a store of this own expects to make A GOOD LIVING out of it for himself AND A GOOD PROFIT besides; he has to pay for everything on the high price of individual purchases. He has to have efficient help, has to advertise and, of course, he has fixed charges for rent, light, taxes, insurance, etc.

Chain Store Savings

The chain store hires only the necessary help. It eliminates the owner's living and profits. It buys in enormous quantities at prices that make the prices the individual store owner pays preposterous. It pays the minimum for taxes, for insurance and the advertising expense of operating is carried in bulk by the parent company, and this is divided pro rata so that each individual store pays only a small sum as its share of the advertising expense.

Tires are bought at actual contract price from the manufacturer which is lower than the average jobber pays.

We then have EXPENSES PARED DOWN TO THE BONE, probably HALF WHAT THEY WOULD BE UNDER ORDINARY CONDITIONS And we have the most attractive kind of a proposition to offer to the tire buyer—THE BEST TIRE ON THE MARKET AT 30 OR LESS than he would have to pay elsewhere; A SERVICE NO OTHER TIRE CONCERN GIVES or can give, GUARANTEED SATISFACTION backed up by a company operating a nation-wide chain of stores.

With so much to offer and with such splendid money-making advantages it is not hard to look into the future and see every store paying a big profit and the company earning dazzling dividends.

What may one store earn? Let us see.

Let us do a little figuring.

Firstly, the ENTIRE FACTORY SELLING EXPENSE IS ELIMINATED. The entire output of the factory before sold to the chain store.

No thinking man or woman has to be told that the NET SUM the manufacturer receives ALONE CONTROLS THE QUALITY AND QUANTITY of materials used in making tires, because ONLY AND SOLELY from this NET SUM is the PROFIT derived.

Because of the TREMENDOUS OVERHEAD selling and distributing expense, the enormous discounts demanded by the jobber, the wholesaler and the retailer, if the manufacturing cost were TOO HIGH or even only his competitors' then the added charges as described here, increase out of proportion to the increase in manufacturing cost would be prohibitive.

Hence, in National Speedway Tires most of the factory selling cost is put in the tire in ADDED QUALITY AND QUANTITY, and the usual trade discounts are divided with the consumer.

Profits of Chain Stores

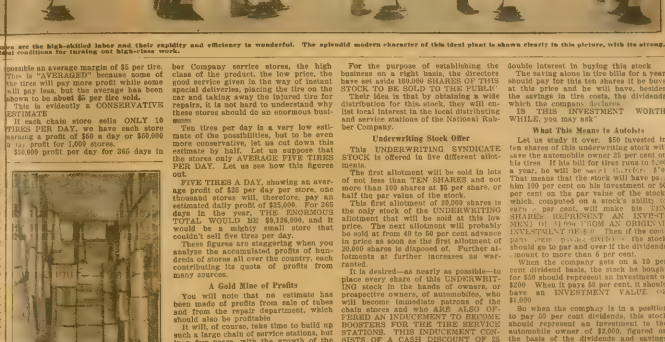
We now come to the question of the profits of the chain stores—of each unit and of the chain in the aggregate

After a careful scrutiny of costs of manufacturing, of operating the chain stores—we have—and figured a retail price on the tires at a sensible profit—on the average gross price of tires of equal size and quality, we find that there is no possible an average margin of $5 per tire. This is "AVERAGED" because some of the tires will pay more profit while some will pay less, but the average has been shown to be about $5 per tire sold.

This is evidently a CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE

If each chain store sells ONLY 10 TIRES PER DAY, we have each store earning a profit of $50 a day or $50,000 a year profit for 1,000 stores.

$50,000 profit per day for 266 days in



Rubber vaults. In this vault are stored thousands and thousands of pounds of the purest rubber for tire and tube making. It is stored here just as it comes from the ships.

the year—tire service stations are busier Sundays and holidays than other days—FIGURES OUT THE ENORMOUS TOTAL OF $18,250,000 A YEAR PROFITS.

You will realize that an estimate of only ten tires per day is very small. When you consider the tremendous advantages of dealing with National Rubber Company service stores, the high class of the product, the low price, the good service given in the way of instant special deliveries, placing the tire on the car and taking away the injured tire for repairs, it is not hard to understand why these stores should do an enormous business.

Ten tires per day is a very low estimate of the possibilities, but to be even more conservative, let us cut down this estimate by half. Let us suppose that the stores only AVERAGE FIVE TIRES PER DAY. Let us see how this figures out.

FIVE TIRES A DAY, showing an average profit of $5 per day per store, one thousand stores will, therefore, pay an estimated daily profit of $25,000. For 265 days in the year, THE ENORMOUS TOTAL WOULD BE $6,125,000, and it would be a mighty small store that couldn't sell five tires per day.

These figures are staggering when you analyze the accumulated profits of hundreds of stores all over the country, each contributing its quota of profits from many sources.

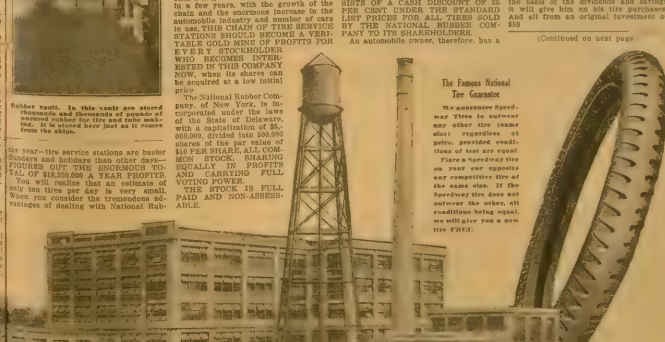
A Gold Mine of Profits

You will note that no estimate has been made of profits from sale of tubes and from the repair department, which should also be profitable

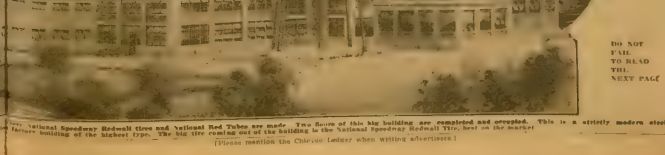
It will, of course, take time to build up such a large chain of service stations, but in a few years, with the growth of the chain and the enormous increase in the automobile industry and number of tires in use, THIS CHAIN OF TIRE SERVICE STATIONS SHOULD BECOME A VERITABLE GOLD MINE OF PROFITS FOR EVERY STOCKHOLDER WHO BECOMES INTERESTED IN THIS COMPANY NOW, when its shares can be acquired at a low initial price.

The National Rubber Company, of New York, is incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware, with a capitalization of $5,000,000, divided into 500,000 shares of the par value of $10 PER SHARE, ALL COMMON STOCK, SHARING EQUALLY IN PROFITS AND CARRYING FULL VOTING POWER.

THE STOCK IS FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.



The magnificent Patterson, Pa., plant of the National Rubber Company, covering concrete and glass construction



National Speedway Redwall tires and national Red Tubes are made. Two floors of this big building are completed and occupied. This is a strictly modern steel, factory building of the highest type. The big tire rolling out of the building is the National Speedway Redwall Tire, best on the market

For the purpose of establishing the business on a right basis, the directors have set aside 100,000 SHARES OF THIS STOCK TO BE SOLD TO THE PUBLIC

Their idea is that by obtaining a wide distribution for this stock, they will enlist local interest in the local distributing and service stations of the National Rubber Company.

Underwriting Stock Offer

This UNDERWRITING SYNDICATE STOCK is offered in five different allotments.

The first allotment will be sold in lots of not less than TEN SHARES and not more than 100 shares at $6 per share, or half the par value of the stock.

This first allotment of 20,000 shares is the only stock of the UNDERWRITING allotment that will be sold at this low price. The next allotment will probably be sold at from 40 to 50 per cent advance in price as soon as the first allotment of 20,000 shares is disposed of. Further allotments at further increases as warranted.

It is desired—as nearly as possible—to place every share of this UNDERWRITING stock in the hands of owners, or prospective owners, of automobiles, who will become immediate patrons of the chain stores and who ARE ALSO OFFERED AN INDUCEMENT TO BECOME BOOSTERS FOR THE TIRE SERVICE STATIONS. THIS INDUCEMENT CONSISTS OF A CASH DISCOUNT OF 25 PER CENT UNDER THE STANDARD LIST PRICES FOR ALL TIRES SOLD BY THE NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY TO ITS SHAREHOLDERS.

An automobile owner, therefore, has a double interest in buying this stock

The saving alone in tire bills for a year should pay for this ten shares it he have at this price and he will have, besides the savings in tire costs, the dividends which the company declares

IS THIS INVESTMENT WORTH WHILE, you may ask

What This Means to Autobits

Let us study it over. $50 invested in ten shares of this underwriting stock will save the automobile owner 25 per cent on his tires. If his bill for tires runs to $200 a year, he will be saved, therefore, $50 That means that the stock will have paid him 100 per cent on his investment or 50 per cent on the par value of the stock, which, computed on a stock basis, is earn per cent, will make his TEN SHARES INDEPENDENT INVESTMENT (1 from ORIGINAL INVESTMENT) THE time if the company earns double dividends, the stock should go to par and over if the dividends amount to more than 6 per cent.

When the company gets on a 10 per cent dividend basis, the stock he bought for $50 should represent an investment of $200 When it pays 50 per cent, it should have an INVESTMENT VALUE OF $1,000

So when the company is in a position to pay 50 per cent dividends, the stock should represent an investment to the automobile owner of $2,000, figured on the basis of the dividends and savings it will give him on his tire purchases And all from an original investment of $50

(Continued on next page)

The Famous National Tire Guarantee

We guarantee Speedway Tires to outwear any other tire (same size) regardless of price, provided conditions of test are equal

Place a Speedway tire on your car opposite any competitive tire of the same size. If the Speedway tire does not outwear the other, all conditions being equal, we will give you a new tire FREE

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE NEXT PAGE

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[Please mention the Chicago Ledger when writing advertisers.]

(Continued from preceding page.)

When the company reaches its full development and its 1,000 or more stores begin piling up big profits, such as we have already figured on, profits that mean exceptional dividends, THIS ORIGINAL INVESTMENT WILL HAVE ACCUMULATED A PHENOMENAL VALUE.

NO AUTOMOBILE OWNER CAN AFFORD TO OVERLOOK SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY.

A blind man could see the possibilities presented in this underwriting offer, an offer so liberal that the directors had to confine it to a small amount of stock.

An Exceptional Offer

The offer of the stock at $5 per share (par $10) is in itself a tremendous inducement, but when it is coupled with the offer of the company to extend a discount of 25 per cent on all tire and tube purchases made through the company, it becomes so extremely attractive a proposition that NONE CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE IT.

The savings in tire costs alone should pay for the stock of those who accept this offer and should pay for the stock of those who buy at a higher price.

This, in itself, makes the proposition attractive. But when the future of this company is analyzed and the possibilities it offers are considered, the offer becomes immensely more attractive.

YOU NEED NOT NECESSARILY BE AN AUTOMOBILE OWNER today to accept this offer. Your stock in the National Rubber Company will entitle you to this 25 per cent discount on tires and tubes JUST AS LONG AS YOU REMAIN A STOCKHOLDER. Later, when you buy an auto, you'll be able to buy tires at this great saving.

You often hear it said that if you had a chance to invest with Ford, or Willys, of Overland fame, with Goodrich or Fisk or Firestone; with Westinghouse

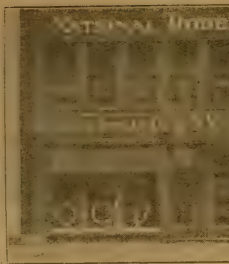
Section of Tube Plant—Capacity of this department over 1,000 tubes a day.

or Bell, or some of the others, whose companies have earned fabulous dividends, and made stockholders rich, you would today be ON EASY STREET.

This is very true, but the pitiful truth is YOU DID NOT HAVE THIS CHANCE. VERY FEW PEOPLE DID. These companies were all close corporations with the stock held in the hands of a small group of men. These stocks were not offered to the public.

A Chance in a Million

BUT HERE IS A CHANCE. Here is a company offering UNDERWRITING STOCK, stock that can now be bought at the ROCK BOTTOM PRICE, that should in time become enormously remunerative. Stock in a company that promises to have tremendous growth.



Chicago store of National Rubber Company, 1338 Michigan Boulevard

Woolworth and Whalen and the others, who have made tens of millions out of chain stores never gave the public a chance to come in on the organization. They have sold stock since, lots of it, to the general public, but it has been stock in the developed proposition, stock that has been sold on the market AT THE VALUE IT REPRESENTS NOW, a value figured on the company's earning power.

LATER YOU MAY GET A CHANCE on the National Rubber Company stock on the open market but YOU'LL PAY THE PRICE OF DEVELOPED STOCK. If the company is earning 100 per cent on its capitalization, you'll pay for it at that rate, which, in that case, would probably be $2,000 for every $100 par value, or $200 a share for $10 shares.

THIS IS THE PENALTY THAT SHORT-SIGHTED PEOPLE PAY for not accepting opportunities that are offered them.

The poorhouse is FULL OF SUCH PEOPLE. "THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS."

They lacked the initiative and courage to back their belief with their money.

Those Who Had Courage

The others, those who are without fear, those who have the courage to back their judgment with their money, they are those you watch spinning past you on the boulevard in luxurious limousines, whose homes line the fashionable streets.

MONEY MAKES MONEY, but it takes an exceptional opportunity to bring you big returns from small investments. You read, for instance, that $500 invested in such-and-such stock has earned $250,000; that $500 invested in such other stock has paid $200,000; that $1,000 in Ford stock of the original company is now worth millions. THAT IS ALL TRUE, gospel truth, BUT did YOU ever get a chance to invest in the original $28,000 that started Ford on the highroad to his present millions? Did you get a chance to invest in the $33,000 that John N. Willys has built up into the tens of millions of the Overland Company? Did YOU get a chance to get in on Westinghouse, or Bell Telephone, or Western Union, or Wellsbach Mantles stock? Of course not. And very few people did BECAUSE THESE STOCKS WERE RARELY OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC BEFORE DEVELOPMENT.

There's a Reason

[illegible] stock is offered for a reason.

[illegible] offered by the UNDERWRITERS [illegible] is company to start it with a nucleus of interested tire buyers and boosters in every locality.

[illegible]irectors set A MINIMUM OF TEN SHARES AND A MAXIMUM OF 100 SHARES on this offer. It would doubtless be more profitable to the company if every subscription for this stock was for $50 (10 shares), par value $100, because that would mean that the greatest number of people possible would be holding this stock and boosting for the company.

10,000 holders of stock scattered throughout the country would mean a veritable army of boosters, helping build up the business IN WHICH EACH ONE HAS A SOLID, SUBSTANTIAL INTEREST.

Ten thousand boosters, working to popularize and make known the high quality of National SPEEDWAY REDWALL TIRES and National Red Tubes —boosting this way because it is TO THEIR INTEREST to boost this why—would save the company tens of thousands of dollars per annum in advertising expense.

That's the principal REASON WHY THIS STOCK IS OFFERED TO YOU AND EVERYONE WHO BUYS TIRES OR EXPECTS TO BUY TIRES.

It is WORTH IT to the company to make you EVERY INDUCEMENT to buy this stock. AND IT IS CERTAINLY WORTH WHILE TO YOU TO BUY IT.

Waiting for a Miracle

Every man hopes, some day, that by some wonderful miracle he will be lifted out of the life of drudging toil he leads into one of affluence, comfort and independence. It is our nature to live in this HOPE. But the day of miracles is past. Good fairies do not run around with bags of gold and drop them into the laps of the worthy.

Investing for Wealth

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP YOURSELF TO FORTUNE. You've got to save to get a nucleus of money to invest where the opportunities for profit are large. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO INVEST YOUR SAVINGS, if you want them to pay big returns.

One of the world's greatest bankers has said that NO MAN WILL EVER GET RICH FROM THE SAVINGS OUT OF A SALARY OR WAGES. He must accumulate wealth by PUTTING THESE SAVINGS TO WORK, INVESTING THEM TO ADVANTAGE.

Of course, it takes COURAGE to invest money that you have worked hard for, that has been slowly and laboriously accumulated by privations and sacrifices. But IT IS THE COURAGEOUS WHO WIN THE EARTH.

DON'T INVEST ALL YOUR SAVINGS. That wouldn't be the wise course. Keep a reserve of your savings for eventualities, for sickness or loss of position or unexpected calls. BUT INVEST PART OF YOUR SAVINGS WHERE THEY CAN EARN YOU SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

Invest Future Savings

Or better still, HERE IS A PLAN BY WHICH YOU CAN ACQUIRE THIS STOCK WITHOUT TOUCHING YOUR SAVINGS.

BUY WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR OUT OF YOUR NEXT SAVINGS.

The directors have made it EASY FOR YOU TO GET THIS STOCK AND PAY FOR IT OUT OF YOUR FUTURE SAVINGS.

You can pay down $10 ON EVERY TEN SHARES OF STOCK YOU WANT AND PAY THE BALANCE IN FOUR EQUAL PAYMENTS OF $10 A MONTH for each 10 shares, making the total of $50 for the ten shares, par value $100.

This liberal plan makes it possible for you to buy this stock and pay for it WITHOUT TOUCHING THAT PRECIOUS CASH RESERVE you have been accumulating in the bank so carefully.

BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T OVERLOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY. You'll never get another such chance. This first allotment of 20,000 shares at $5 a share (par value $10 a share) will be snapped up so quickly that WE CONFIDENTLY EXPECT IF EVERY SHARE TO BE TAKEN UP WITHIN TEN DAYS from the publication of this announcement. After that, there will be no more $5 shares. The price will jump perhaps 40 or 50 per cent. SO ACT NOW.

Fill out the convenient coupon attached. Mail it with your first payment, which will RESERVE the stock you want at this LOW PRICE. Then you can take fifteen days to investigate, to make sure that all the facts are just exactly as represented to you. If you, for any reason whatever, are not satisfied, you can release your reservation and your money will be returned to you, but if you find out that you have invested wisely—as we are confident you will find out—then you can either pay the balance in full or you can take advantage of the easy method of paying for it a little each month. Either plan is equally satisfactory to the directors of the National Rubber Company of New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY OF THIS UNDERWRITERS' STOCK, YOU'VE GOT TO WRITE NOW, AT ONCE, OR YOU WILL LOSE YOUR CHANCE.

Stockholder's Discount

the Company).
Discount of not less than Twen
cents from the

15 days from date in
to all statements made

How to Buy This Stock

10 shares (par value $100)
$10 down, $10 a month for 4 months— $50
15 shares (par value $150)
$15 down, $15 a month for 4 months— [illegible]
20 shares (par value $200)
$20 down, $20 a month for 4 months—$100
50 shares (par value $500)
$30 down, $30 a month for 4 months—$150
70 shares (par value $700)
$40 down, $40 a month for 4 months—$200
90 shares (par value $900)
$ down, $ a month for 4 months—$250
$ down, $ a month for [illegible] months—$ [illegible]

APPLICATION FOR UNDERWRITERS' SHARES
NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y.

B W

POTTSTOWN, PA.

Main Office: National Rubber Bldg., Broad and North Streets
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. Date ___

The undersigned hereby subscribes for .....*shares of the Common Stock of the* NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY of New York, *full paid and non-assessable and tenders herewith* .....*to the order of* NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY of New York

$ ..... Money Order, ... at the rate of $5.00 per share in *full / part* payment.

Issue shares in the name of _____ and forward to address below:

(Please Plainly in Capital Letters)

(Subscriber's Signature) _____

(Street Address) _____ *(Town and State)* _____

In Bloody Mary's Days

Or, The Nottingham Maid

By T. C. Harbaugh

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 7, February 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GILBERT and Tyrus were still uncaught by the minions of the Queen. "Bloody Mary" sat in her palace waiting for some news, and the frequent clinching of her pale hands told how deep was her royal wrath!

What sort of officials had she? Were there none in all London who could bring the two men to justice? Whenever the door opened and admitted one of her courtiers, she would spring forward and demand to know if Gilbert Montjoy was not behind the bars of iron. At length a sere sifter from her chamber news of the fight in the garden. Then she knew that her chief marshal had felt a rapier's point to his undoing, and that some of his companions were as unfortunate

This only increased the ire of the royal lioness. She was beside herself with anger. Her personal attendants feared to approach her, and she was left to bite her nails and curse alone.

All London was being scoured. The night-watchmen were ordered to invade every cranny of the city; new bands were formed, swords sharpened anew, and Queen Mary smiled when she heard all these things.

Gilbert Montjoy stood alone in a little room. His face had grown haggard within the last few days. His eyes seemed to have retreated deeper into their sockets, and he started at every sound. The loss of Lucy was eating out his soul.

Old Tyrus had gone away for the nonce in hopes of getting a line upon their hunters, and Gilbert had promised to await his return, which he was trying to do with rising courage.

The curtains of the one window in the little room had been pulled down, and the lamp on the table threw a faint light around him. No one came. It was terrible to wait there for—nothing.

What if Tyrus should fall into the hands of the enemy? What if—but no! Whatever happened, the old man would never betray him.

Suddenly there came a childish knock on the door, and Gilbert, whipping out his blade, sprang across the room.

Still clutching the sword, he carefully opened the portal and looked into the rosy face of a little girl. She was beautiful in her innocence, with eyes that resembled Lucy's and set Gilbert's heart to beating faster than ever. He let the child in, and relocking the door, led her to the fire, where he seated her on a chair

"What is it, little one?" asked Gilbert, fondly caressing her. "You come like a light from the darkness."

The child looked up and smiled.

"Who sent you?" Gilbert went on. "On what errand have you come?"

The bright eyes twinkled.

"I—I thought you wanted company," she said. "You must be lonely in this house."

"I am lonely," returned Gilbert, for the words had touched him. "Do you live in the house?"

"Yes, downstairs, and sometimes I get lonely, too."

Montjoy took the child in his arms and kissed her. She sat upon his knee and let her feet from the chair and looking into the blaze on the hearth.

"I have brought you something," she said at last, delving into the pocket of her plaid dress. "It isn't much, but mamma and I can't read, you know. Maybe you can."

The little hand brought forth a bit of crumpled paper, which Gilbert took and carried over to the table lamp.

"I found it a while ago when I went to the grocer's for a bit of butter," exclaimed the little one. "It came buttering in my fist before the wind, and I don't know why I put it in my pocket. It isn't of much account, I fear, and I am foolish to bring it to you."

Gilbert heard none of this, for he was thrilled to the quick, and his hands trembled as they gripped the paper.

"It is something!" said he, looking over at the tiny figure in the chair

"Where were you when you found this?" he asked.

"I was coming home in roundabout fashion," was the reply, "and I was in Princess square when the wind blew the paper to me."

"In Princess square!"

"Yes, where the great people live."

Once more Gilbert read the message, for it was nothing less than that. The words seemed to burn themselves into his brain. They nestled there like red hot coals.

In a minute he could have repeated every word of it:

"To Whoever Finds This: Will no one help us? We are imprisoned against our will in Sir John Talbot's house. Death stares us in the face. This is a cry for help. Come to our aid, for the fatal blow may fall at any moment. "LUCY SALLIRE and ELEANOR SELKIRK."

No wonder Gilbert's heart beat like a bird against the walls of her cage. It was Lucy's message. She was alive, so well, a call from both wicked London and peaceful Nottingham.

He went over to the child and kissed her brow.

"This little message is worth all my hunting," said he.

"Then it is something?"

"It is more than that; it is everything!"

He was impatient to obey Lucy's call, but he had promised to wait for Tyrus. The child sat there in the warmth of the fire, and more than ever resembled Lucy. Gilbert stood off, and with folded arms feasted his eyes in silence.

"I must go!" cried he. "I cannot wait for Tyrus with Lucy in the lion's den."

Once more he looked at the child and then at his sword. What would she think when she awoke? But the call was imperative. Lucy must be in dire rescue, the all the night-watches of London stood between him and Princess Square.

Before he went he left a note for Tyrus on the table. The old man would know the truth when he returned.

Once out in the street he hastened away, a dark figure against the glare of the lights of London. He thought of nothing but the call for help. He saw nothing but the house with its lights before the door, showing its grotesque but handsome windows

Gilbert pursued his way until he came in sight of the house; he stopped then and drew his rapier, clutching it with firmness, whilst his lips came together with determination.

No one was in sight. The marble lions on the steps were as blind as Bartimeus, and the trees before the mansion stirred not a leaf to tongues. He glided around the great house and saw it loom up between the trees and the moon, and that Lucy and Eleanor were somewhere among its mysteries.

The silence which touched the place was almost palpable. The crickets had ceased their evening song, and nothing but a bat crossed the line of Gilbert's vision

How could he get beyond the lower doors? He could force the lock or batter it, but then he and Tyrus had entered by the front way. He seemed checked at the onset.

Presently a door opened, and a servant came out with a basket on her arm. Gilbert saw her close the door without locking it. In another moment he was inside. He halted in a chamber as dark as Erebus and Hades with the smells of the kitchen. Rapier in hand, he began to grope for a door, and found it at last. To pull it open was the work of a moment, and into another chamber he went.

Where were Lucy and Lady Eleanor? The query almost drove all blood from his brain

Somewhere a door opened and he heard voices. Lady Talbot was addressing some one in tones of obsequiousness

"You do not care to be seen here, I know," said the voice. "The carriage is not far away. We will go out by the rear entrance. I will not forget! You can fully trust myself and Sir John."

"I thank you," was the reply, and a door closed behind the women. Gilbert's figure had all the light upon it; he stood revealed. Secrecy was no longer possible.

In a flash he leaped forward with a startling cry, and Lady Talbot in her fright threw her arms about her companion.

"No! No!" welled from her throat. "In God's name don't touch the Queen of England!"

Gilbert stood like a statue; his sword nearly fell from his hands. He was in the presence of Mary Tudor, and his rapier's point had almost touched the royal throat. It was a dramatic scene. Tho the Queen was out incognito, Gilbert saw the Tudor eyes and the Tudor mien

"The curse of God upon the whole Tudor race!" thundered the young man, tho he looked at Lady Talbot

"It is the same man who has been here," whispered Talbot's wife to the breathless Queen

"I am!" was the reply. "I have come for Lucy of Nottingham, and woe to the hands that pursue me!"

By this time the Queen of England had got second breath

"Varlet!" she cried, all the fierceness of her cruel nature breaking forth. "Leave this house and hide somewhere till they find you! Go, I say!"

"By my life, no! I kissed the man from the North," cried Mary. "Queens nor blocks shall have my pursuer. Search for Lucy Lallire, I say. Do you hear? Lead the way to her, or, by my life, I'll despoil England of her ruler!" And again Queen Mary drew back, for something that had a needle's point touched her bosom.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN JACK BLUNDERBLADE, despite his oath, was loath to quit London. He felt that the size of the city, its secret places and its dark holes which invited seclusion, would gladly harbor him from the wrath of Tyrus, Lucy's escape from his clutches was a heart pain to him, for he believed that had he kept the girl away from the persecutions of Rupert Seagull he might find Gilbert's new hiding-place, and thus lure the youth him over to the wrath of Bloody Mary.

He resolved to keep out of old Tyrus' reach, for the latter, in his wild heart, he feared the vengeance of the old swordsman from Nottingham. More than that, he loved the little woman, once his wife, whom he had thrown into the Thames

Knowing the haunts of her way, he had sought places where he imagined an asylum awaited him, and thus, on the night of Gilbert's invasion of Talbot House, he might have been sneaking like a hunted rat along gloomy streets as the lightning threw little light and seemed to befriend one of his ilk

It was during this effort to keep in the dark that he saw Gilbert cross a

(Continued on Page 17.)

1917 Spring Suit Free

A WONDERFUL amazing OFFER

If you are a live wire, we want that we want you to get one of our elegant new suits, made to YOUR measure, absolutely FREE. All we ask you to do is to wear it, show it to your friends and take a few orders for our guaranteed-to-fit-to-measure Clothes.

$20 EXTRA A WEEK AND YOUR OWN CLOTHES FREE

Doesn't matter if you've never sold a dollar's worth of anything in your life before. Doesn't matter if you're a boy in your teens or a man of family. Doesn't matter if you live in a city or on a farm. Doesn't matter if you're a hustler or a plodder. Doesn't matter what your present occupation is. Doesn't matter what your education is. Doesn't matter what your present income is. Doesn't matter what your present prospects are. Doesn't matter what your present ambitions are. Doesn't matter what your present environment is. Doesn't matter what your present habits are. Doesn't matter what your present associates are. Doesn't matter what your present religion is. Doesn't matter what your present politics are. Doesn't matter what your present color is. Doesn't matter what your present nationality is. Doesn't matter what your present age is. Doesn't matter what your present size is. Doesn't matter what your present weight is. Doesn't matter what your present height is. Doesn't matter what your present shape is. Doesn't matter what your present complexion is. Doesn't matter what your present hair is. Doesn't matter what your present eyes are. Doesn't matter what your present nose is. Doesn't matter what your present mouth is. Doesn't matter what your present ears are. Doesn't matter what your present hands are. Doesn't matter what your present feet are. Doesn't matter what your present legs are. Doesn't matter what your present arms are. Doesn't matter what your present head is. Doesn't matter what your present body is. Doesn't matter what your present soul is. Doesn't matter what your present mind is. Doesn't matter what your present heart is. Doesn't matter what your present liver is. Doesn't matter what your present lungs are. Doesn't matter what your present stomach is. Doesn't matter what your present kidneys are. Doesn't matter what your present bowels are. Doesn't matter what your present blood is. Doesn't matter what your present skin is. Doesn't matter what your present hair is. Doesn't matter what your present eyes are. Doesn't matter what your present nose is. Doesn't matter what your present mouth is. Doesn't matter what your present ears are. Doesn't matter what your present hands are. Doesn't matter what your present feet are. Doesn't matter what your present legs are. Doesn't matter what your present arms are. Doesn't matter what your present head is. Doesn't matter what your present body is. Doesn't matter what your present soul is. Doesn't matter what your present mind is. Doesn't matter what your present heart is. Doesn't matter what your present liver is. Doesn't matter what your present lungs are. Doesn't matter what your present stomach is. Doesn't matter what your present kidneys are. Doesn't matter what your present bowels are. Doesn't matter what your present blood is. Doesn't matter what your present skin is.

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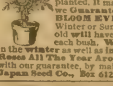

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In Bloody Mary's Days.

(Continued From Page 15.)

lighted place near Talbot House. Jack suddenly turned and followed at the young man's heels.

That Montjoy was after something he rightly divined, and when he slipped to the rear of Talbot House, he was soon on the old trail. Meantime Gilbert had entered the place to come upon Lady Talbot and Queen Mary unawares.

The discovered Queen saw resolution in Gilbert's eyes, and recoiled from the rapier which had been laid at her throat.

"Quick!" cried Montjoy. "Show me the way to Lucy and her companion in prison!" he cried to Lady Talbot. "This is no child's play."

Queen Mary's face went white.

"Stir not!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on Lady Talbot's sleeve. "This wretch must be the man who led Jeanne Stafford to Lord Stirling in Stirling Court. I have disposed of the woman, and now this man must not escape me."

"I confess that I was Jeanne's companion that night," came thru Gilbert's teeth. "We went with her to Stirling Court, but I committed no crime."

"You would have killed but for Khulah," was the reply from the presence alone saved Lord Stirling's life."

A smile came to Gilbert's lips.

"We will parry no longer," said he, boldly. "The Queen of England continually dreams of vengeance. She has King Hal's blood in her veins and——"

"Would you stain the name of my father?" interrupted Mary. "What sort of monster is this?" She was addressing Lady Talbot now. "What has become of your sensibility?"

"They are within call, your majesty."

"Then summon them at once. We will attend to this man after a while."

Lady Talbot moved toward the door, but suddenly Gilbert's rapier barred the way. She was forced to come to bay.

Go on!" cried the Queen, stamping her foot in rage. "Call in your menials. They must be in the house."

"Stand where you are!" almost thundered Gilbert, advancing a step. "By the God of heaven, it will be the worst for you and the Queen if you call a single rascal in!"

The two women looked speechless at one another. Gilbert knew that he was in the most desperate trap he had ever been. One call would be enough to fill the room with the Talbot menials, but would Lady Talbot lift her voice for help?

Somewhere in the great house was the woman he sought, and he doubted not that she was one of the two in second floor, perchance in the chamber overhead. Time was everything. If only Tyrus would come!

But in the garden crouched a bulky figure with his body bent forward where the bushes were. Captain Blunderblade, who believed that Gilbert had entered the house and was up to some mischief there, had drawn his sword and glued his eyes upon the door at the side way. When Gilbert came out, he would pounce upon him like a tiger and hand him over to the vengeance of Queen Mary, thus settling himself in her estimation.

Seconds were hours to the giant rascal of London. He knew that he could not distinguish them; therefore at last he crept forward and laid his hand on the latch of the outer door. It was a strange thing for him to do. He pushed the portal inward and stood in the dark as the voices continued.

"That was the Queen's voice!" he suddenly ejaculated. "In the name of the first saint, what brought Mary Tudor to Talbot House tonight?"

He threw himself across the room and found a door thru the keyhole of which an arrow of light fell upon the carpet.

"He is here," he said to himself. "Gilbert Hunsdon is harming her majesty."

"Lead the way to the two captives!" he heard Gilbert say. "I have done with parley."

"That to Queen Mary!" thought Blunderblade. "The infamous villain!"

Jack's hand was already on the knob. His teeth came together with a furious snap, and the next moment he had flung the door wide.

"I am here!" cried he, as he sprang across the threshold. "Captain Blunderblade always serves his Queen."

Gilbert whirled at the voice and came face to face with the bully in velvet. Jack recognized the handsome face and blade. Queen Mary with clasped hands uttered a cry of joy. Her jeweled hand shot forward, and the point of the slender rapier was already at Blunderblade's breast.

"If you are for the Queen, disarm that man! Don't take his life. Leave that for Tower Hill."

Her command was the personification of royal anger; there was a death flash in her deep-set eyes, and her figure was drawn to its full height.

"Spare the man for Mary of England," she went on, stamping again on the carpet. "Sir Henry's blood burns in every vein of mine."

"Back thru you door!" cried Gilbert. "Back, thief! Sir Henry Talbot's father's will make a bloody road thru your craven heart! Back, I say!"

The next instant Blunderblade saw his sword whirling thru the air, torn from his hand by a swordsman's trick. He stood unmoving, grating his teeth and pale from Gilbert's swiftness

"Go!" and the rapier stung his breast. "It is retreat or death!"

The bully fell back, followed by Gilbert, who kept his blade against his bosom. Blunderblade turned and gave a cry from Lady Talbot ringing in his ears

"Summon the house guards!" she exclaimed. "Bring them down upon the dog who has insulted the Queen!"

It was Queen Mary intended to do. Gilbert heard him roaring, to help beyond the door. He had a voice like the bulls of Bashan.

It was the time for the last desperate play. Gilbert at length darted past the two women, and flung open a door and saw the staircase, shielded by a swinging lamp. One look was enough. Up the steps he went two at a time, and reached the corridor above.

"It's death or Lucy!" shot across his brain.

Down below was a rush of heavy boots, and mingled with the sound were the harsh voices of the men he had faced on the previous occasion and at that very house.

There were three doors on the floor which he had reached. He hammered on the first one, to hear a cry beyond it.

"Are you there, Lucy?" cried Gilbert. "I am here."

"And where is Lady Eleanor?"

"In the next chamber."

Gilbert turned back, and then, summoning all his strength, he plunged against the door like a catapult's missile of stone. It was shattered from its hinges, and in a moment the girl was in his arms.

He carried her into the hall, where he bade her stand a moment. Once more his powerful strength came into play. The door of Eleanor's room, Montjoy and Lady Selkirk, pallid and mystified, was seen in the middle of the room.

"Come!" cried Gilbert. "We have the minions at our heels in a second."

Lady Eleanor obeyed by quitting the room, and stood with Lucy in the corridor.

"Now for the stairway," said Gilbert. "There's not a moment to lose."

Down the corridor they went on the wings of swiftness, but at the top of it Gilbert paused with a blanched face. His way was blocked by more than at least twenty rough-looking fellows at the foot of the stair, twenty to one, and a blood yell greeted his appearance.

CHAPTER XX

QUEEN MARY, fearing that her disgrace would be completed by her followers, had slipped from Sir John's house by a secret way, and her royal chaise was bowling over the streets of London.

Gilbert, upon seeing the minions at the foot of the stair, let out a breath, for the greatest adventure of his life had come. If he was to meet the crowd alone, victory could not come to him. Where was Tyrus? Why did he not come to the rescue with his sword? Yet upon second thought he believed that he could not look for the old swordsman.

At the head of the enemy was Captain Blunderblade, who set himself with enough to block the way. His bulk extended from the banister almost to the wall, and there was a fire of triumph in the rascal's eyes. Lady Eleanor and Lucy, thru fear, drew close to Gilbert, but he shook them off, for they were hampering his actions.

Loud cries came up the stair. The menials, all of whom were armed with the best of weapons, headed by the man of the broken oath, were coming forward.

"No quarter to the dog!" was heard from their foul lips.

Gilbert did not quaver, but his right hand gripped his rapier with renewed courage, and he looked down upon his assailants with the determination of a hero.

Suddenly a figure came running down the corridor which he reached, off from the top of the stair, and halted at Gilbert's side.

"Tyrus!" cried Gilbert, with a glance at the new comer.

"I'm here, master, by the rarest luck. I heard the turmoil from the outside, and that's why I came."

Jack Blunderblade started when he beheld them, and the next one, but those behind him would not let him retreat, but instead were pushing him upward. The big corporal was in despair; he would be the first man to receive the blade, and when old Tyrus saw him he cried out for vengeance.

"Come!" said he to Gilbert. "Let us charge the wolves," and down the steps they went, sword in one hand, their vengeance always uppermost.

Captain Blunderblade parried several blows, until the keen eye of Tyrus found a lodgment in his bosom and he reeled backward, carrying the mass behind him to the foot of the stairway.

"By what way did you come in?" asked Montjoy, seeing the confusion below.

"By the rear door and the wine."

"To the spot, then," was the reply. "The ladies must be out of this."

Trembling, Lucy and Eleanor stood in the corridor waiting for the end of the conflict, and when they saw their friends before them they ran forward. Several minutes later, Gilbert and Tyrus were helping the women down over the frost-kissed vines, and in another moment they stood on solid ground

No time was to be lost. They spurned the stones beneath their feet and heard behind them the beginning of another chase.

It now seemed as if all London was at their heels. The mob was augmented at every step, and they watch had heard of the fight in Sir John's house, and were roaring lions in the fugitives' wake.

"In here!" cried Gilbert, pushing open a door just around a corner.

"It may be another trap," said Lucy, drawing back white with fear

"If it proves Satan's kingdom we must enter," was Gilbert's reply.

Into the house they went shutting the door behind them and barring it with an oaken stick that stood invitingly near.

"Who's here?" asked a voice in the almost palpable gloom.

The sound led Gilbert forward, his hand still at the rapier. In another room he came in contact with an old man on a pallet of straw.

"Where are we?" he demanded, bending over the prostrate figure. "Speak or die."

I am in hiding from Bloody Mary, and——"

"Then we are friends," announced Gilbert. "We are flying from her executioners."

"Dost for Heaven's sake compromise me."

"What's beyond the house?"

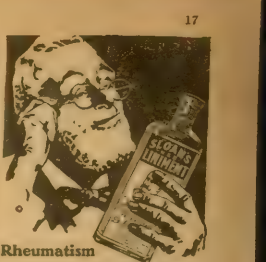
"Garden of litter."

"Beyond that door"

The old man nodded. The hunted four darted forward and Tyrus was the first to reach the night air.

"It's the devil's garden," the others heard him say.

Beyond the litter which filled the



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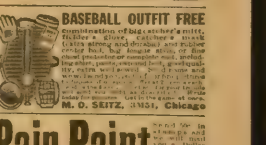

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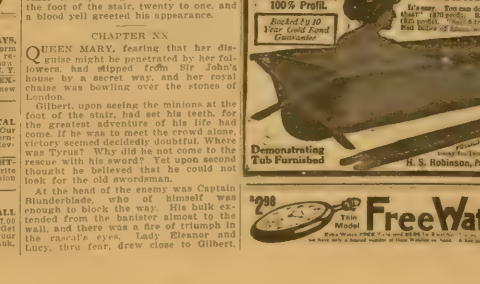
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opening lay one of London's serpentine streets, and the four were soon there. They heard the heavy tolling of the big bell near by, which was awaking London for their doom.

"For the Queen! For Mary Tudor!" yell upon their trained ears.

The girls drew close and shuddered. It was a run down the lighted streets, and Gilbert cursed the crowds that dazed along the pave.

"Here they are!" went up a loud shout. "Here are the ones Queen Mary wants."

Gilbert shoved the two girls ahead of him, then turned to Tyrus with a grinning face.

"It's the death fight now!" said he, planting himself firmly on the stones.

Four men were coming at them with all the fury of a quartet of bloodthirsty tigers.

"Give me the first dog, good Tyrus!" Gilbert cried, and then he leaped straight at the enemy and drove the dagger home.

The others recoiled from the attack, and before one could plunge a blade the swordsman was a demon in their midst. The one spared ruffian took to flight and fell half a block away to quiver on the stones. It was the last battle for the night.

Ere morning came London was quiet. Queen Mary, pacing the floor of the royal boudoir with clinched hands, was uttering after the manner of her father and almost shedding blood with her oaths.

The new day broke beautifully over the city, gilding the white sails in the Thames, and the wind was tossing the litter of streets in every direction. Every watchdog was still.

In the rear garden of Sir John Talbot's mansion lay a huge figure that moved not. Jack Blunderblade had met his fate at last, and his body was placed in a cart and borne to the disgraceful burial it deserved. There would be no more breaking of masts in the house—the bully had played his last game of infamy and hot lust.

In vain was the search for the fugitives. Lady Elaine Selkirk was restored to her father, who took her to Paris and out of the reach of Bloody Mary's hands. The Queen dared not follow the other to Nottingham, where she was cordially welcomed. Gilbert hung his legacy of steel on the wall.

"You were worth fighting for!" he said to Isabel, in the little bower on the left. "But how shall we guard old Tyrus?"

The old man refused any gift, but looking at the shining eyes of the Rose of Nottingham he said, with a sigh:

"If I take a lock of your hair for my ring, Mistress Lallie—"

"I'll give you more than that," was the smiling answer, and she extended the gift her rosy lips touched with cherish. "We go thru the world again for that!" cried the old man, at which both Lucy and Gilbert broke into a laugh.

The sorrow of Isabel, the child of the wife murderer, never recovered from her failure to carry out the plot against Gilbert. He grew more and more silent and grew older, and on her death couch she cried out that she would give half her realm for Montjoie's love.

And the seasons came and the seasons waned; the wild rose bloomed on every heath, birds cut the air on their feathered wings, and in the royal palace lay a dead woman who never more would harry England and send her subjects to the block.

And as the bells rang for the funeral people fell upon their knees and prayed that such another creature might never wear fair England's crown.

There were flowers on the cliffs of Nottingham; there was no more use for Gilbert's rapier, and many a day in the colder summertime the little children would take it down from the wall and wreathe it with flowers, while Lucy of Nottingham would smile with tears of love and joy in her witching eyes.

The End.

PHILOSOPHY.

I always try to be content.
The power I've none, nor pelf—
I taught—how well he who I am,
As I myself!

When chance go on foreign trip
To England, or Siam,
I stay at home—I might as well
Be here as where I am!

When others costly raiment buy
I don't bewail my lot—
I might as well have what I have,
As have what I have got!

And when some rich dyspeptic soul
Moves on from earthly sight,
I'm happy that I have my street
Address and appetite!

HORRID PROSPECT.

"What?" Edgar paused in his walk across the room with one foot raised and viewed with alarm his maternal parent, who was upon her face the most hateful smile which he had ever beheld in relation to food.

"I said, Edgar," mother repeated with great cheerfulness, "that Cora is coming—Cora Kibble—the daughter of my dearest old school friend! Effie—that's Cora's mother—Effie and I have been saying for so long in our letters that it's awful to drift apart and that we'd like—"

"Now, mother!" the young man answered vigorously. "I know you! And I know Effie! You two have maneuvered off to Cora a dozen times and said how sweetly romantic that it should turn out so! Nothing doing! Any girl named Cora is ended for have right there! I know what a Cora girl is like—she has mouse-colored hair dragged back so that her large ears show! And she has a knobby forehead and no figure and wears flat-heeled shoes! She is intensely religious, and I'm quite sure she wasted time on a movie in her life, and prefers gentlemen who wear spectacles and answer 'Quite so!' to those that never were intended for one another and it's a shame to make the poor girl squander car fare to come here! Can't you wire her mother that it's no use?"

"Why, Edgar Gatepost!" his mother cried, when she had regained her breath. "I'm just as ashamed of you as I can be! Cora is coming to visit us without any of us—and you'll be glad that you met her!"

"No doubt," agreed the young man, gloomily. "She probably can't break away from her dear mother, but I'm of the Absolute long enough to consider that she is being chucked toward poor me rather than toward her parent! Cora may be entirely innocent, but I'm deeply suspicious of you and Effie! You are too guileless about it to get away with it!

"Besides, I remember the time when you tried making a match between me and the daughter of that rich sugar man down South! You dragged us together by the hair of our heads, and we shrieked protests in vain and made faces at each other while you kept your gaze away from us and talked fast about other subjects, thinking to deceive us and lull us into security!

"Why, that sugar girl and I hated each other with a volcanic hatred, and she wasn't so impossible either, while I'm certain that under normal conditions she would have considered me a harmless, rather interesting young man! So I cannot feel light-hearted about Cora's approach.

"I know how you will let us breakfast alone together, and how you will suggest that she meet me for luncheon and the matinee, if I can get off at the office, and how you constantly will be presenting me with two tickets for the theater and regretting the engagement which keeps you home!

"No, mother; while I realize that it would give you and Effie joyful words to write each other the rest of your lives, should her daughter marry your son, I'd rather buy you a complete letter writer and let it go at that! Somehow, Cora doesn't strike me!"

"Well," said his mother indignantly, "I never heard you go on so in my life! Cora Kibble is a lovely girl, and I wouldn't ask anything better——"

"Oh, I know you wouldn't!" shouted her son. "But where do I come in? Why wish matrimony upon me when I'm going right along tending to my own affairs and not interfering with any one else? I deserve something better than such a fate."

"I'm sure I don't care if you never get married!" his mother told him, tartly. "It would serve you right if Cora Kibble snubbed you to death! I am sure she will have a perfectly good time with me and the girls here her own age, regardless of whether you bother to be pleasant or not! Effie writes she has more beaux——"

"Shucks!" said her son. "That's just the way you boast about me, too! Mothers always do. I'll bet Cora never had a beau in her life! I'm going to be horribly busy the next few weeks at the office, anyway—say, where'd this come from?"

The young man in his amblings about the room had picked up a new photograph of an exceedingly beautiful young woman.

"That?" said his mother, airly. "Oh, that's just Cora Kibble—her mother sent it! The young man she's most engaged to is——"

"Peacherino!" whistled the young man, ecstatically. "Say, why didn't you tell me? What's that about her almost being engaged? I don't see it! Say, I can save you the trouble of going to meet her at the train just as well as not, if you'll let me!"

Doctor Says Crying Need Of The Woman Of Today Is More Iron In Her Blood

TO PUT STRENGTH IN HER NERVES AND COLOR IN HER CHEEKS.

Any Woman Who Tires Easily, is Nervous or Irritable, or Looks Pale, Haggard And Worn Should Have Her Blood Examined for Iron Deficiency.

Administration of Nuxated Iron in Clinical Tests Gives Most Astonishing Youthful Strength and Makes Women Look Years Younger.

"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women without iron," said Sir Ferdinand King, a New York physician and author. "In my recent talks to physicians on the grave pathological consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means the lack of iron. If a woman is pale, she flesh flabby. The moment she begins to grow thin, her memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

In the most common foods of America, the pale flour, rice, potato, sugar, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed from them the iron of Mother Earth from which vegetables, cereals, seeds and silly methods of over-cooking, by throwing the water away after cooking vegetables, are responsible for the lack of iron in the blood of so many people.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your blood by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would but realize that many blood forming drugs and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of men and women might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and other diseases. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"On account of the peculiar nature of woman, and the great drain placed upon her system at certain periods, she requires iron much more than man to help make up for the loss.

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking. Just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or walk. Your endurance without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron and strychnine pills or iron simply to save a few cents. The iron recommended by Sir Ferdinand is the real coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

"Many an athlete and prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret and great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while his opponent has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service, said: "It should be the constant aim and study of the younger as well as older women of America, that a wonderful change will take place, in many cases, when Nuxated Iron is taken; how it will cause the enriched blood to bring the roses to their cheeks, the sparkle to their eyes and the elasticity to their step, how their every function will be stimulated and aroused and that sense of what the French call bien entre will get up with them in the morning and cause them to go to bed at night to a sound and perfect sleep. Men, too, should take it to offset the serious strain of business competition which burns up rapidly stores of nervous energy and in place of power, energy and renewed strength and endurance which will be found within it."

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York physician and author, tells physicians that they should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their patients—Says anaemia—iron deficiency is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American woman.—Sounds warning against use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and do far more harm than good; advises use of only nuxated iron.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is described and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in this country and abroad. The manufacturers guarantee every package and will refund the money paid by any one who does not find it entirely satisfactory in every way after using it according to directions. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

The Castaway Boys

Or, LOST ON A RAFT

By St. George Rathborne

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Begun in No. 19, March 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

ANDY RISES TO THE OCCASION.

ALTHO partly stunned by the shock of being hit, Specs was violently ashore, Andy quickly recovered his wits. His very first thought was of his chum; and staggering to his feet, he commenced dragging the half-unconscious Specs up the sloping beach on which the raft had been cast. At least, Andy meant that there should be no chance for the hungry waves to reclaim them as victims, now that an opportunity had arisen to escape from their clutches.

Specs began to recover, for Andy heard him call out, and could feel him squirming in his grip.

"It's all right, Specs!" he cried reassuringly.

"Are we ashore then, Andy?" asked the other, struggling further to regain his own feet, at which his sturdy chum relieved the needful assistance. "Is this the real ground I feel under me?"

"Just what it is, Specs, as sure as you're born," he was readily assured, "and our voyage on the raft has come to a sudden end, I'm mighty glad to say."

"What we want to do now is to try and drag that same raft farther upon the shore, or secure it the same in some way, so it can't be washed off."

"But why should we bother with the old thing, Andy?"

"We might need it, for all we know," he was told, hesitatingly.

"To start out again on the river, do you mean?" cried Specs. "Oh! Now I know what's in all stands for, Andy, can this be only an island we're on?"

"Well, we're not sat to find some place where we'll be sheltered from the rain and this piercing wind, that's what!" declared Andy. "Come along, and let's prowl back here a'bit. If that lightning only comes often enough, we may find what we're looking for, I guess."

Eventually they discovered a nook amidst some friendly rocks, where they could cower and be free from the drenching rain and the chill wind that seemed to set right into their bones, owing to their wet condition of their clothes.

"This isn't so bad, if only we had fire now!" remarked Andy, complacently, as both of them commenced their exercises once more.

"A fire, Andy? What wouldn't I give right now? It would be the finest thing going, barring none. Why, with a fire a fellow could stand things a lot better—even being hungry!"

"That's a fact," admitted Andy, remembering now for the first time that neither of them had tasted a single bite of food since noon on the previous day. "But of course it'd be utterly impossible for us to build a fire now, Specs, till morning, and I'll promise you one, no matter if I have to find a flint to strike against the steel of my knife, and start a spark in some dry tinder, the way the settlers used to do in the early days of the pioneers in the west."

"I believe you could do that, if you had to, Andy," cried the admiring Specs. "Oh! I've lots of times read about once I did get fire all right. Just trust to me to see this thing thru, Specs. Feel any better now?"

"Yes, some warmer, tho it's tiresome work jumping so hard. But I suppose, Andy, we ought to be very thankful we're where we are, and not away out on that awful big water, bobbing up and down in such a terrible way."

"We are working out splendidly, Specs, just as I knew they would. All except that we're hungry. But I'm hoping the best way we can, and with the morning there'll come a decided change for the better."

"But it's going to be a terribly long night, I'm afraid, Andy!"

"What did you remind the other when you know as truly as you do your breath that dawn is sure to come in the morning, and that's a comforting fact in your mind, Specs, and things never will seem as dark and gloomy as you feel you do? Come, pick up a little sleep from time to time, for all we know. But it certainly does feel good to have firm ground under us, Specs!"

In this fashion then did Andy succeed in buoying up the spirits of the weaker end of the boy scout partnership, and tired Specs seemed inclined to let his fears get the better of his courage.

Minutes dragged by, and hours, and the boys got very tired with that quaint thrashing of their arms to make the blood start into circulation from time to time.

One comfort, the storm seemed to wear itself out. It no longer had long since ceased to boom, and even the lightning came at more and more frequent intervals, and was small, too, decreased in violence, tho just as penetrating as before. By slow degrees, then partly by the lapse of more, perhaps on account of the heat of their bodies, their garments dried, and they no longer had that very unpleasant clammy feeling. This was some comfort to Specs, on which he commented more than a few times.

"There, look up yonder, Specs; I do believe that's a star!" cried Andy suddenly, pointing to a rather quite a start, for truth to tell Specs was half dozing at the moment, perhaps dreaming of home and its comforts.

It turned out that Andy had made no mistake, for presently a few more of the celestial throng of celestial bodies that swing thru illimitable space. The storm was over, and they could be patiently count on having the benefit of the sun when day came along. And to the sun when day came was much of shivering fellows, there was much pleasure even in the bare thought of such a luxury.

From time to time one or the other of them would manage to snatch a brief nap, tho the waking when the shivering fit came on again; at which times it became necessary to resume the gymnastic exercises until their arms grew weary.

Yea, it was a long night, probably the worst and most uncomfortable one either of the two lads had ever experienced in their two lives had ever experienced in their young lives. But just as Andy had philosophically said, every night must end some time or other, and each dragging minute counted.

It chanced that Specs was the one to notice the first peep of coming dawn away over toward that quarter to which some his attention had been given most of his waking hours, simply because during his waking hours, during his waking hours, simply because during his waking hours, simply because during his waking hours, simply because

gone to the trouble to fetch a very dry stone on which to rub the head of the match. What if it refused to flame up? Specs felt his heart beat tumultuously against its prison walls at the mere thought. He had known matches to act obstinately during damp weather, and refuse to take fire. It would be a bitter disappointment should Andy find it necessary to try a second match; and what if even the third and last should go back on them?

But there was Andy now, starting to give a quick movement of his hand. Specs with his heart in his mouth, figuratively speaking, heard the scratching sound; then to his intense delight he saw the head of the match burst into a quick flame; and when Andy hastened to apply the same to his ready tinder it took fire without any trouble.

"Bully for you, Andy!" gasped the relieved Specs, as he held out some of the best small wood he had been able to gather, so that the fire might be gradually built up.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO CASTAWAYS.

"THAT'S certainly the finest fire I ever saw!" admitted Specs, after a while, as he hovered over the now crackling blaze, holding out his cold hands toward its genial warmth, and enjoying the sensation of actually having his trousers begin to lose that miserable chilly feeling.

"We think so because we've been yearning to have one for so long," Andy laughed. "After I get good and warm I'll start out to take a little look around. For one thing I want to make sure this really is an island, because neither of us is dead certain about that as yet, tho I guess there's mighty little chance otherwise."

"I hope, tho, you'll not be thinking of going any great distance away, Andy," suggested the other. "Of course you couldn't get lost, if this is only an island; but it'll feel pretty lonely while you are gone, with all that wind whooping it up thru the trees."

"Oh! I'll call out every little while, I promise you, Specs," Andy assured him. "And like as not I'll only be roaming along the shore on the leeward side of the island. That would mean the east coast, you know."

"Yes, the one looking toward home, of course," remarked Specs, trying hard to control his quivering lips. "I wonder what they are doing there now; and if poor mother is wild with grief because she fears she'll never see me again? That's the thing that hurts me most of all, Andy. I could stand any amount of pain, and grit my teeth and bear it; but whenever I try to imagine how she must be feeling, don't you know, it just unnerves me, and before I know it a tear is running down my cheek. I know it sounds babyish to say that, but then she's the best mother any fellow could have; and she's always worried because I've not been as strong as most of the boys."

"Well, don't let yourself think of home more than you can help, Specs," Andy urged him, not roughly, for truth to tell it gave him a stab whenever his own thoughts drifted back to a certain well-remembered house in Guilford, and he saw in imagination some beloved forms there, now sad and forlorn as they wrestled with their fears, and tried to hope for good news that was so long in coming.

Andy stalked away after he had said that. Perhaps, indeed, he did not want the other to discover that he was winking very fast for some reason or other. That was indeed a strange thing for so self-reliant a fellow as Andy Purdue to do; and Specs, on his part, once his suspicions were aroused, might have wondered at it.

Left to his own resources, Specs applied himself diligently to the task that had been placed in his charge. He hunted faithfully all around the immediate vicinity for such pieces of wood as in his estimation would make the best fuel. It was certainly jolly to feel the genial warmth of those crackling flames, and watch how they devoured the wood he from time to time fed them. So busily employed was Specs that he even forgot to let his thoughts wander toward the forbidden pasture. He did cast frequent glances out upon the broad river, however, and then looked long and anxiously up the stream in hopes of discovering some sign of a steamboat coming down with the current; but no such delightful sight rewarded his watchfulness.

Now and then he answered the shouts of Andy, who kept his word about apprising the one in camp of his presence near by. From all Specs could figure out Andy did not seem to change his location to any considerable extent, and therefore he judged the other must be trying to secure some kind of food for that breakfast he had so confidently promised should be their portion.

Yes, what was more to the point, Andy's cries all came from along the shore on the leeward side of the island. Just why he should stay there, of course, Specs, not being gifted with much knowledge concerning Nature's special ways, found himself unable to guess, so he concluded to wait until his comrade came back to the camp fire, when the mystery might be explained.

Lo and behold, in due course of time Andy did make his appearance, and seemed to be carrying some weighty object under his arm. Specs looking closer was astonished.

"Hello, there! Is there a house on this island, then, and have you been making a raid on the culinary department, Andy? Because it strikes me that thing looks mighty like an iron pot you've got under your arm."

"It is an iron pot," laughed the other, "but I found it on the shore, where it must have been left by some party of fishermen long ago; because you can see it's got a crack in it. But since the lower half is sound, I washed it out nicely, and now it'll do to cook our stew in."

"Stew!" echoed the astonished Specs; "what in the wide world have you found that would make a stew, I'd like to know?"

"Take a look in my kettle, and see if you can tell what I've got here," Andy told him, mysteriously, at the same time holding out the precious old iron pot.

"Why, those look something like oysters!" exclaimed Specs, immediately. "Now, I've guessed it, Andy; they're fresh-water clams, such as we call mussels; isn't that it?"

"Just what they are, and dandies at that," he was told. "If the supply holds out, small chance of our ever having to go hungry here on this island. All we have to do is to go digging in the sand after them, where the water reaches in. Now, I'm meaning to cut them in small pieces, and add plenty of water, so as to make a good amount of broth. When they're well cooked we'll have a grand feast, because mussels are very nutritious and almost as easily digested as salt-water clams."

"I wish I had a pocketknife, and I'd help you," said Specs. "After this I'm always going to carry one with me; yes, and a match-safe, in the bargain, that is waterproof. We've found that it's best to be on the safe side, and you never can tell when both of these articles may come in very handy. Whatever would we have done if you didn't have a knife, or if you had forgotten your match-safe?"

Finally all the mess of mussels, which Andy had taken from their shells before returning to the camp, had been cut up into small bits, so that they would cook the better. And once the contents of that humble old iron pot began to bubble under the magic influence of the heat, such a savory odor commenced to arise and fill the immediate vicinity that Specs could not sit still, but had to jump up every little while, and walk hastily around.

"Why, don't you know, Andy, it just gets me wild," he confided to the other. "I never was half so hungry in all my life as I am right now. Until I got the first whiff of your lovely stew I didn't know that I was in need of strengthening food. I feel as weak as a cat, and that's right. How much longer do you suppose it's got to boil like that, Andy?"

"Oh, you'll have to wait quite a little while, so the mussels can cook tender, for they're as tough as leather, almost. But in our present condition I don't think anything could hurt us. Occupy the time in collecting more wood, Specs, while I step back and climb a big tree I noticed on a little rise not far from the land. It'll make a good observation tower; and if we have to hang up one of our shirts for a flag of distress, it can be done from that same tree, because the pilot on any passing steamboat would be apt to see it."

The iron pot was to be built that Andy made useful. He had planted two strong sticks, one on either side of the fire. These both had a notch in the end in which the ends of a stout green pole had been laid, and the kettle was suspended from this.

Specs always kept one eye on this cross-stick; he had a deadly fear that it might sooner or later catch fire, and being weakened would allow the pot with its precious contents to fall, thus losing their breakfast. But such a dire calamity never happened, for the fire failed to make any impression on the green wood.

After some time Andy came back

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again. Specs was so eager to begin work on the meat that he failed to notice something on the other's face that would indicate a recent discovery. But apparently Andy was in no hurry to tell about it, for he first of all experimented in order to ascertain how the stew was coming on.

"Another ten minutes ought to finish the job," he announced; "and now let's see how we are going to eat it. I've picked up some big shells from the beach below that might serve us. And here's an old rusty tomato can that must have been flung aside when emptied of its contents long ago. It doesn't seem to leak, and ought to be a night better than nothing, to take the place of a plate or a bowl."

Specs found himself taking a vast amount of interest in all these novel methods for overcoming the lack of utensils. Really, there was a certain rude charm about it that he had never dreamed of before. With his appetite clamoring for food as furiously as happened to be the case just then, even a more fastidious fellow than Specs—which in this case it might have been difficult to find—would have forgotten to be particular about quality, and only feel concern over quantity.

As for Andy, he was right in his element. Doubtless he was mentally compared their situation with the great and only Robinson, after he was cast up on that famous island. Of course, he and Specs would have no friendly wreck to visit from which they might take off rafts-load after raft-load calculated to keep the grim wolf from the door.

When the shells and the rusty tomato can had been duly inspected, after being thoroly washed in many waters, and were pronounced fit to be used as receptacles for the stew, Andy set to work to dish up some of the latter. It required considerable dexterity, as well as strength, to handle that hot pot, and not spill a single drop of the contents; but he managed to accomplish this in good time, and so the two castaways sat down to enjoy the fruits of all this labor.

"What, no verdict?" asked Andy, presently, after Specs had slipped at the contents of the biggest shell, and seemed to be enjoying himself first-rate.

"I tell you it's just splendid, that's what!" burst from Specs, as he turned a beaming face down to his chum. "I never would have thought just ugly old mussels could make such a glorious dish. I mean to have them often after this, Andy."

"But you may not be quite so hungry again, once you get home, and have your customary three meals a day," warned Andy. "You know there's no sauce like hunger. I found that out long ago for myself, when I complained at home, and was sent to bed without any supper. Say, even a dry crust tasted fine the next morning, after that; it was good stuff, and it does go right to the spot, in the bargain."

Andy had been wise enough to add enough water to make quite a pot of the mussel stew, or, as he chose to call it, "chowder," so that the more substantial elements of that well-known and highly appreciated dish were lacking. So both boys had enough and to spare. Indeed, they could not quite finish their savory mess.

"I don't want to be too greedy," explained Specs, when he had declined a sixth helping. "It would be too bad if one of us overate, and grew to dislike mussels as a regular diet; because most likely we'll have to subsist on the same right along, until we are rescued by some passing steamer, you know."

"Things keep on copying after old Robinson, seems like," suggested Andy.

"Now what have you got in mind?" demanded Specs, looking at him curiously.

"Andy, are you really mean that you found a footprint on the shore, and made by a human foot, like Friday?"

But Andy could only nod his head in the affirmative Specs went on to say:

"But then, of course, we're the savages here along the Mississippi, so we don't need to be afraid. Mebbe some other poor wrecked mariner, cast ashore, has been a prisoner for ever so long; or, Andy, can it be possible, do you think, we have at our elbow, right now, inhabitants, perhaps a fishing village, where we could find help, and hire a boat to take us back to the mainland? Tell me what you think about it, won't you, please, Andy?"

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* * *

An Interrupted Honeymoon.

(Continued From Page 2.)

reeled. She suddenly swooned and lay prone on the snow-covered pavement.

And Bradlee, having finished his task, speeded home to be confronted in the hall by that fiery-tempered wife.

"Mrs. Bradlee is gone!" she told him in tones that shook. "We've looked everywhere, Henry, everywhere."

"Not here!" he echoed, then used his lawyer's wit to probe for details.

Hastily questioned, he roused the police department of the city. With the precision and thoroness of a prairie fire the searching lights were flung. Every patrolman on his beat. Therefore the bluecoat who lifted her in his arms and carried her home knew the unconscious was aware of her identity. Within the half-hour she occupied the white bed in her pretty bedroom, and Doctor Oswald sat at her side remonstrating, scolding and telling her something that first blanched her face, then stained it scarlet.

She, who could not recall her marriage, was to be a mother! Her being seemed to shrivel in waves of flame. In that horrible moment she experienced the despair of a woman scorned. Her sensation was that of one forever damned. She believed the sight of Bradlee would cause her very heart to bleed out right. But she was now chained to the spot by what she mentally termed her shame. Her fate was sealed. Liberation, none! She hoped for death. For ten weeks her mind was racked like a body in the Spanish rack. Then she hoodwinked. Marjory and Huldah hovered at her side. Once Bradlee, longing to bring her solace of mind, blundered into her presence; but, terrified at the effect of his invasion, he instantly retreated. His physicians, when questioned, gave him but little hope.

"We'll save her life," they promised. "But that part of her brain destroyed by Nile fever will, probably, never be normal."

Tortured by this decision, apprehensive for his beloved one's life, he neglected his affairs for days and weeks dragged by. The time of supreme ordeal drew near, was at hand. Assisted Doctor Oswere summoned and assisted Doctor Oswald to battle for two precious lives. As she lay half-conscious in the gray-green twilight sleep, sudden hours merged into eternity. Her husband, suffering such mental agony as one may not describe once, paced back and forth in the lower rooms. He could hear above the passing to and fro of nurses and doctors. Could detect the ominous notes of drugs. Like one drowning he reviewed his life, his one drowning he reviewed his life, his one drowning he reviewed his life, his courtship, his marriage, the dramatic ending of his honeymoon. When it seemed that he could endure no more a white-capped nurse came to the door and beckoned.

"You're wanted," she said.

He dared not question. With hurrying tread he gained the upper corridor, then steadied himself to enter his wife's room. Instantly his eyes sought the snowy couch, saw his wife's waxen countenance and her wide-staring eyes.

"Paine," she murmured, using his old pet name, "where am I, honey? Is this Cairo?"

He wanted to shout his relief. Hah was regarding him fondly from clear, untroubled eyes. The clouded months were swept away. She imagined they were in the Eastern city by the Nile. Her torturing fingers clung to him. His arms embraced her. And the doctors, who had thus tested her sanity, smiled. Instead of two years their patient would only lose her memory of the preceding months. These would be a blank. She would never know what passed since her departure from Cairo. But there was the boy. She must be told of him. For in another room nurses bathed and dressed a lusty child whose features were a replica of Palmer Bradlee's.

* * *

Talking Slang.

"Henry, you will have to be more careful of the language that you use around the house," said Mrs. Lee, as she sauntered out the tablecloth. "I'm getting a very bad habit from you—I think only in terms of slang, and it's all your fault."

"Then you'd like me to cut it out—is that it?" queried Henry.

"Cut it out is right," came the quick rejoinder. "What do you think I said the other day when my mother's wife was calling and sitting there just as polite as you please?"

"Search me."

"Well, we were talking about Nellie and how shiftless she has been getting up in the morning. Coover we had decided to fill Nellie's mitt with the spondulix we saved her and then put the kibosh under her."

"And did she have a comeback?"

"Well, I guess not! I turned red and began to talk of the work they're doing at the mission and of how dreadfully some people have to live. Immediate language the street grabs use. 'We ought to keep our English pure and undefiled,' she said and looked straight at me with her sharp black eyes."

"And you?"

"I spoke right up and said: 'Mr. Lee always declares that it's these street gangs that get our legislators on the hummer for fair, and I'm strong for whatever Henry says.'

"By that time I could see the good lady fairly gasp. She looked around for something else to talk about. She lamped my new hat—the one you picked and gave them the once over. She could see they had been frostbitten. "What a terrible winter we have had for flowers," she said. The cold nights must have been severe on your plants."

"Oh, yes," I piped up. "They put my geraniums quite on the blink—I mean—the decline, you understand. In fact, it nearly creeped her blood to think about them, for my heart was set on them, and to think what pipping they are now!"

"By that time I guess she knew I thought that the poor woman would collapse. Just as she was leaving she said: 'I think we have had quite a language society meets tomorrow afternoon with Mrs. Perkins, and I'm sure you will be glad to learn that our work should begin at home.' I was so afraid of opening my mouth and putting my foot in it that I didn't chirp when I showed her to the door. Now, then, Henry, what I want is your help and assistance in cutting out the slang from this day forth forever more."

"I'm with you, kiddo," chimed in her husband.

"Oh, Henry, my love, you're a bird. Slip her there!"

* * *

Resourceful Woman.

Tompkins and his wife were at the theater; but they were not happy, for in front of them sat a woman who wore on her head a praiseworthy amateur flower garden, which she declined to remove.

But Mrs. Tompkins knows something of her own and of made audible comments from lively to severe upon the general construction of the hat.

"I tried it on myself last week," she finished, scornfully, "but I wouldn't take it—it seemed too cheap to be good."

"How do you know it's the same hat?" queried Tompkins, innocently. He was quite entering into the spirit of the thing.

"Why, because the price ticket is still on it!" was the triumphant answer.

The superciliious smile which had curled about the lips of the wearer of the hat vanished, and she peered into the window the murderous pins and, sad to say, one of the trio missed the whole of the first act searching for the ticket which was not there!

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A dream of pleasure filled his head—
And then there came a thaw.

Sister got a stunning gown,
With pride it made her smile,
Within the week she wore a frown—
The rags were out of style.

Brother got a motor car,
A beauty without doubt.
It hadn't traveled very far
Before a tire blew out.

Father got a block of stock,
His heart with hope did thump,
A rumor brought a sudden shock,
The family's in a slump.

His Gratitude.

There is a certain fellow into whose heart his mother has been for some time striving to instill the sentiment of generosity, which, to her regret, did not appear to be naturally present. The son of a poor family of the neighborhood she had particularly commended to her boy's consideration. The other day he came in with beaming face.

"You know Tom, that poor boy?" he said eagerly. "Well, I gived him half that box of candy you gived me."

"You are mamma's own sweet little man!" the fond mother approved. "Was he grateful?"

"Oh, he 'preciated it, all right," the little fellow assured her. "He let me lick him, when two other kids could see, an' tomorrow he's going to come round by the school and let me lick him right in front of everybody, for the other half of the box."

No Whip Needed.

The proprietors of two rival livery stables, situated alongside each other in a busy street, have been having a lively advertising duel lately.

The other week one of them stuck up on his office window a long strip of paper bearing the words:

"Our horses need no whip to make them go."

This bit of sarcasm naturally caused some amusement at the expense of the rival proprietor, but in less than an hour he neatly turned the tables by pasting the following retort on his own window:

"True. The wird blows them along."

One Man's Reply.

Lady Lecturer on Woman's Rights (waxing warm)—"Where would man be if it had not been for woman? I repeat it"—looking round the hall—"where would man be if it had not been for woman?"

Voice—"Still in Paradise, ma'am!"

Suspicious.

Willie—"I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy."

Tommie—"Why do you think so?"

Willie—"Because he knows exactly what ones to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing."—Puck.

A Motorist's Resentment.

"Have you studied economy in the home?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I'm tired of paying out all this money to keep up a cooking range, instead of spending it for gasoline."

Class by Itself.

"Thimblewit is going to be a Chautauqua star."

"Does he propose to instruct the audiences or merely to entertain them?"

"Neither. He will play selections on a xylophone."

Teacher—"Willie, your face is but half washed!"

Willie—"Yes'm, but today is only a half holiday!"

A Sure Cure.

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides of it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

Labor-saving.

Northern Visitor (in Georgia)—"I see you raise hogs almost exclusively about here. Do you find they pay better than corn and potatoes?"

Native (slowly)—"Wall, no; but yer see, stranger, hogs don't need hoeing."

Never Again.

Young Lady (to army surgeon)—"I suppose you will marry after the war, doctor?"

Doctor—"No, my dear young lady. After the war I want peace."

Professor—"Gracious! My boy, what language!"

Kid—"Aw! Wot do you say when your best marble rolls down a sewer?"

The Wrong Card.

A commercial traveler on his first trip called upon a well-known chemist. He was nervous as he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a card.

"I represent that concern," said he.

"You are fortunate," replied the chemist.

The traveler was encouraged.

"I think so, sir," he said, "and the chemist who trades with us is even more so. My firm has the finest line of cosmetics in the world."

"I shouldn't have thought it," slowly responded the man of medicines. "Her complexion looks natural." And he handed back the diagram which the young man had given him in mistake.

The traveler didn't wait for his order.

A Long Wait.

Policeman (giving evidence)—"After being ejected from the cinema, he was discovered with a large bouquet in his arms on the decline of the back entrance to the picture palace."

Magistrate—"Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behavior?"

Policeman—"His speech was very indistinct, per worship, but from what I could gather 'e was waiting to see Mary Pickford come."

Is It Coming to This?

Stranger (arriving at scene of railroad wreck)—"Good heavens! What are you all waiting for? Why don't you rescue the passengers?"

Spokesman—"We are waiting for the moving picture men."

Unfamiliarity.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Maybe," said the plain person, "it only seems strange because it is so much scarcer!"

Was Judge at Baby Show.

"You are saluted by most of the men you meet. Hasn't it never occurred to you a woman recognize you," said a friend to a prominent M. P.

"No; I haven't a woman friend in town," replied the politician.

"How's that?"

"I was once judge of a baby show here. The woman whose baby I gave the prize to moved away. She was the only friend I had among the fair sex in this community; all the rest are my enemies."

The Idea!

"There is no doubt about it. We have a democratic country."

"Yes?"

"A lawyer who was accused of insulting Congress replied that it couldn't be done."

A Long Wait.

"We've got all kinds of mineral lands in Mexico so rich you can see the metal in the dirt. But we've got to wait for settled conditions."

"You are sort of resting on your ores, eh?"—Judge.

His Opportunity.

A young man at White Plains given to purple and fine linen, but not at all addicted to work, waited upon a prominent citizen of Westchester County and asked for his daughter's hand.

"What are your prospects?" asked stern papa.

The young man was rather indefinite on this point, but finally blurted out that, altho he had no position at the time, he would die for the young lady in question.

"All right," snapped the father. "Get insured for $10,000 and make good!"

Wasteful Boy.

Mr. Spuffenstein and his little son were walking down the main street the other day when a large poster struck the eye of Ikey.

"Fadder," he cried, "give me a penny to go and see the sea serpent."

"Vasteful boy!" exclaimed his parent. "How you want to pay a penny to see a sea serpent! Here's a magnifying glass; go find a worm!"

Ashes of Roses.

"Why don't you marry Mathilde?" asked the friend. "She loves you and would make you happy. What's the trouble with her?"

"Her past."

"Her past? And what fault do you find with her past?"

"The length of it."

Useful Languages.

"The boy sure made a fine speech," said the old man, "an' I'm prouder than ever of him, but what was them languages he wandered off in so frequent?"

"Well, once he slung a little Latin, an' next he hit her up in Greek."

"That's good! They'll be fine to swear at the mule in, when he gits home."

THE COP.

Uncle Sammy's full of trouble,
Trying to maintain the peace.
He is doing duty double,
World a-trying to police.
Ere the European slaughter
He can even strive to stop,
Comes a wail across the water,
Cuba howling for the cop!
Costa Rica, San Domingo,
Hayti, Mexico—they yell
For "police!" in varied lingo—
(Line deleted? Very well.)
Blamed by all, in fullest measure,
For upholding peace and right,
Uncle Sam would find it pleasure
To resign and join the fight.

His Error.

"Do you play very much nowadays, Miss Bolo?" he asked, as they seated themselves after a waltz.

"Only occasionally," she replied. "I have neglected my music shamefully of late and am getting quite out of practice."

"I was passing your house last evening," he went on, "and stood at the gate for a moment to hear you play. Instead of getting out of practice, I think you are improving—if any improvement is possible," he added politely.

"Last evening?" she questioned.

"Yes—about nine o'clock."

"You are mistaken. I was at the opera last evening," she said in a strained voice, as she accepted an invitation to dance from another gentleman. "It was the man tuning the piano you heard."

Never Annoyed Again.

The story is told of a staff officer at the War Office who was much annoyed by one man who wanted a job as messenger at the headquarters. After the sixth or seventh visit the officer sent for the man who then held the position.

"Did you see that man, just now, who has been here so many times?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the messenger with a grin.

"Do you know what he wants?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he wants your job, and if he gets in to me again he will get it."

The officer never saw the applicant again.

Taken Internally.

"What has become of my almond cream?"

"Your almond cream?"

"Yes, my complexion cream."

"I thought that was some fancy grub you got for the party last night, so I spread it on the sandwiches."

Two Ways to Push.

Church—"Is work on your new house being pushed?"

Gotham—"Oh, yes."

"But I heard you expected it to be completed long ago?"

"That's right. The work is being pushed backward."

Smart Fellow.

"I notice Slathers often refers to himself as the 'people's candidate.'"

"Yes, but he's no fool."

"No?"

"He didn't start to talking that way until he got the permission of the machine to run for office."

Putting His Foot in It.

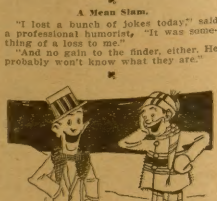
She—"Don't be downhearted, Richard, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry his years from now."

He—"Oh, I don't care for myself, but how about you?"

A Mean Slam.

"I lost a bunch of jokes today," said a professional humorist, "it was something of a loss to me."

"And no gain to the finder, either. He probably won't know what they are."



"On what day of the year do women talk the most?"

"On the longest day, of course."

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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Living high has laid many a man low.

You can't always judge the dinner by the price.

If a man's sins do not find him out his wife will.

What grafters need is insurance against exposure.

If it's a boy baby another domestic crysis is averted.

The average girl would rather be in love than be happy.

If we didn't have to work there would be no fun in loafing.

Don't expect to keep your friends if you give them away.

When any one swipes your umbrella it's a sure sign of rain.

Many a would-be poker player made a mistake in his calling.

Women are extremists; they are either better or worse than men.

The girl who takes the cake is one who can bake good bread.

Do everything reason tells you to do—unless conscience vetoes it.

Few people care to be reminded of the little sins they like to commit.

Speechless amazement is one of the few things that go without saying.

Many a man who owes his success to his wife doesn't owe her much at that.

It is said that marriage will change a man's views quicker than anything else.

When a periodical drinker begins to get loaded he should come to a full stop.

A man domiciled in a village boarding-house has no use for the local newspaper.

The way to make a woman happy is to make her believe that she is making a man very unhappy.

A bad boy seldom inherits his badness from his father. The old man usually hangs on to all he has.

And a girl's ideal chaperon is a female who has seen enough of the world to know when not to look.

A woman always thinks she is better than other women and a man thinks he's no worse than other men.

You may have noticed that when some men promise you things they always qualify the promise with a great big if.

The man who does nothing but sit around and wait for a dead man's shoes never cuts much of a figure in the financial world.

These are times when we like to meet enthusiastic people—and there are other times when we are just as anxious to get away from them.

If the girl with whom you are in love refuses to marry you, ask her to take the job of caring your faults, and then hurry away to get the marriage license.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Beads—wooden, steel and porcelain—are very much used for edgings.

Figures and forms cut out of leather and kid are applied to hats with loose and irregular embroidery stitches done in colorful flosses.

Huge silk tassels trim many separate skirts and one piece dresses. On separate blouses and jackets the tassel idea is used, but here the quaint ornaments are smaller.

With many blouses and dresses for spring the closing is effected in the back, so we should not be surprised to see the fronts of these garments prettily trimmed with hand embroidery.

Some of the new "tonneau" skirts are arranged in sets of plaits, three together, and then again three. These plaits are stitched down near the hem and the "tonneau" effect is obtained by the slight stiffening of the plaited material on the inner side.

The curving collar is one of the new ideas when is certain to "catch on" and which is even now shown on every second coat or blouse intended for early spring wear. The collars are cut quite like, in shape, the large petal of an arum lily; they form a complete frame for the face and are always invisibly fastened.

Nearly all the new spring hats and toques we have seen are supposed to rule crowns, but elaborate trimmings are conspicuous by their absence. The Parisiennes seem to make their hats attached to the ultra-smart untrimmed hats decorated only with handsome hatpins, that they do not feel inclined to give them up.

A new ostrich boa has appeared on the market which is supposed to take the place of the fox necklpiece for those who cannot afford the fur or do not care to wear it, but which is rather gets warmer. It is of white ostrich, with a tail, as it were, of ostrich hanging on one side and a rosette of white satin ribbon on the other side to take the place of the fox head. Ostrich is predicted to have more than the usual vogue when furs are laid aside.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

To join lace and embroidery buttonhole the edges together instead of seaming them. It will be found that this makes a much smoother seam and will launder nicely.

At almost any shop where needlework designs are purchased one can get perforated patterns for transferring to stockings. As a rule the design is supposed to start in the instep and extend upward for six or eight inches. It is best to hold a darning ball inside the stocking while doing the embroidering. Or one might rip open the back seam until the embroidering is done, provided the seam is basted together again and again when the embroidery is finished. While it is customary to use silk for the work, the newer extremists who bring out the design in beads. The only objection to these is that they may be difficult to launder.

HEALTH NOTES.

One who suffers from perspiration should make a practice of scrubbing the body with hot water and pure soap at least once a day, and if possible twice.

A lotion which has been found to heal chapped hands very quickly is prepared from two parts of glycerin, two parts of rosewater and one part of citric acid.

Learn to be comfortable. Under no conditions wear shoes too small. Worse than spoiling your feet, they are ruining your nerves. Never wear a collar that chokes nor an armhole that is too tight.

To make albumenized milk for an invalid take one-half cup of milk and the white of one egg. Put white of egg into a tumbler, add the milk, cover tightly and shake until it is thoroly mixed.

A sensitive skin grows rough and red at the least contact with the wind, and nothing is more effective in the prevention than an application of witch hazel, which not only soothes, but heals and whitens the skin, and is most inexpensive.

A simple tonic that will help to arrest falling hair is made by putting half a pound of rosemary into one pint of distilled water and stewing very slowly for several hours. Then strain thru flannel, and when cold add a quarter of a pint of bay rum. Apply a little to the roots of the hair two or three times a week after brushing and massaging the scalp.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

If a little salt is sprinkled in the bottom of the frying pan, the fat will not splash over the stove.

Dip a piece of cheesecloth in kerosene, hang in the air for forty-eight hours. A better duster could not be desired.

To reheat cold biscuits or rolls, roll them in a dampened paper and place in the oven until the paper scorches. They will taste like freshly baked ones.

If rising bread is covered with a cloth that has been wrung out of warm water instead of a dry cloth it will help it raise wonderfully.

An old black sock, or stocking, is the best thing to use when one is sponging off a garment of dark woolen goods with any cleaning fluid. There is no lint from it, and it is absorbent and soft. A supply of them should always be on hand, if the men of the family "run" to navy blue or black suits for ordinary wear.

RECIPES.

OYSTER LOAF—Use a round loaf of stale bread; cut off the top crust and scoop out all the inside, being careful not to break the crust. Break up the crumbs very fine and fry in four tablespoonfuls hot butter. Cook together a tablespoonful butter and two tablespoonfuls flour; add two cupfuls of milk and cook until thickening constantly. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter teaspoonful pepper and set aside to cool. Drain about a pint and a half of oysters (saving the liquid for soup or flavoring sauce, etc.). Put a layer of the cream sauce in the loaf, in this a thick layer of the oysters, sprinkling with one-quarter teaspoonful salt, then scatter over chopped sweet green peppers, then a layer of the fried bread crumbs, and use loaf in this way, having top layer crumbs. Bake in moderate oven for half an hour.

APPLE PUDDING—Four eggs, four apples, one cup of fine cupfuls bread crumbs, slight grating of nutmeg, pinch of salt, three-fourths cupful of sugar. Peel, core and chop the apples finely, add the bread crumbs, sugar, salt and nutmeg. Beat the eggs well and use them to bind the pudding. Turn into greased mold, cover closely and steam two hours. Serve with hot wine sauce.

CHOCOLATE CREAM—Break sweet chocolate into pieces and melt in a double boiler. Shell and blanch the almonds and roast in the oven. Then dip the almonds into the melted chocolate and drop on buttered paper. If the chocolate is too thick add a few drops of hot water.

SHE WAS UPSTAIRS.

A Chicago man tells of calling on a young lady very early one spring morning. He had come in a big automobile and he wanted to give the young lady a morning spin thru the country. A little girl, the young lady's niece, answered the bell.

"Is your auntie in?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir, sir."

"That's good. Where is she?"

"She's upstairs," said the little girl, "in her nightie, looking over the banisters."

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